TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1456.

WIN £180 YEARLY FOR LIFE! SEE OFFER ON PAGE 47

JOHN BULL

"232" and SANDOM LEISURE HOUR COMPETITION

Comfort ✓
Style ✓
Perfect Fit ✓
Quality ✓
Value ✓

'—and nearly 100 years of tailoring tradition behind the makers of '232' Grey Flannels, Sandom Handycoats and Centacort Flannel Trousers.' These are your reasons for insisting on '232' Grey Flannels, Sandom Handycoats and Centacort Flannel Trousers at your Outfitter's.

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13/9
4 shades, 68 fittings
(outsizes cost a little more)

SANDOM HANDYCOATS
21/- 25/- 30/-
many patterns to choose from

"Centacort" 100% wool, white or grey flannel trousers **18/9**

WHAT INTERESTS YOU?

CRICKET? HIKING? GOLF? GARDENING? PHOTOGRAPHY? BILLIARDS? FISHING? MODEL MAKING?

Patsy Hendren, Tom Newman, Abe Mitchell and the other Judges are having a busy time judging the April entries—and we anticipate an even greater number of Competitors during May. Perhaps it is the simplicity and the sporting tone of the Competitions—added to the fact that there are no entrance fees—which accounts for their terrific popularity. Whatever your leisure-hour occupation—whether you are a Golfer, Cricketer, Hiker, Gardener, Model Maker, Photographer, Billiard Player, or Fisherman—there is a Competition for you, and valuable prizes wait for good performances each month. The distinguished Judges (whose names appear here) are waiting to judge your entry—send the coupon below for further particulars.

FISHING
Mr. R. L. Marston, Editor of *Fishing Gazette*, says: "The rules governing 'The '232,' 'Sandom' and 'Centacort' Fishing Competition have been framed to ensure absolute fairness to all. I feel sure that anglers throughout the country will welcome this friendly Competition." Send coupon below for full details.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Mr. F. J. Mortimer, Editor of *Amateur Photographer and Cinematographer*, says: "The Amateur photographer always welcomes competitions. I anticipate that many thousands of the snaps taken during the next few months will be entered in this '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Snapshot Competition." Send coupon below for full particulars.

To: "232" Competition, Dept. J.B.2,
38 Wood Street, London, E.C.2.

I am interested in the following Competition(s)—please send me full particulars and entry form:—

Golf ☐
Cricket ☐
Fishing ☐
Gardening ☐
Hiking ☐
Billiards ☐
Model Making ☐
Photography ☐

Name...
Address..
....

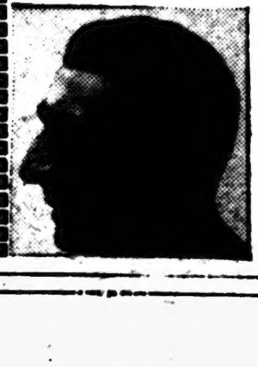
GOLF
Abe Mitchell, says: "As a steadying influence nothing can be more efficacious, than the taking out of a card every time the amateur plays a round, and that is why I welcome this '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Golf Competition." Send coupon below for full details.

CRICKET
"Patsy" Hendren says: "While few men can play for England, we can all strive our hardest for our own teams, and even the most modest performer can have his triumphs when the cracks fail, which is why I welcome this '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Competition which gives cricketers of every class an opportunity of gaining a prize." Send the coupon below for full details.

HIKING
Mr. S. P. B. Mais—well-known to thousand of lovers of the open country—has kindly consented to act as Judge of this competition. He has written an interesting article in a special booklet—send the coupon below for further details.

BILLIARDS
Tom Newman, who is to judge this compeition, says: "Any form of competition open to all players is sure of hearty support. I shall be delighted to judge the entries in the '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Billiards and Snooker Competition, and I wish it every success." Send coupon below for full details.

MODEL MAKING
Mr. C. H. Hayward, the Editor of *Handicrafts Magazine*, says: "Apart from the valuable prizes offered, competitors will have great satisfaction in knowing that the models they make will be a constant source of interest and pleasure." Send coupon below for particulars.



GARDENING
Mr. Walter Brett, F.R.H.S., Editor, *Home Gardening*, says: "There is nothing that delights the average gardener more than a friendly contest in gardening skill. Because of this, I know that every gardener will enjoy entering the '232,' 'Sandom' and Centacort Gardening Competitions." Send coupon below for full details.

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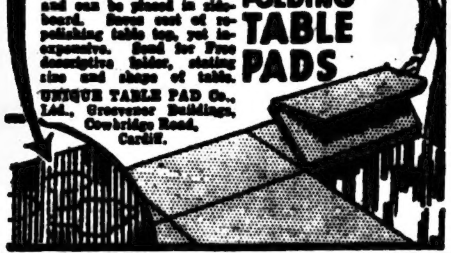

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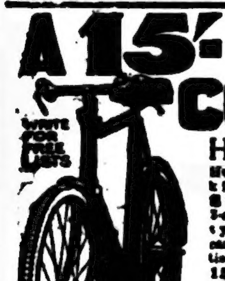

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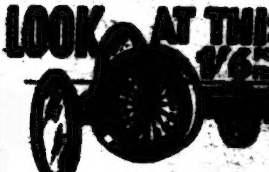

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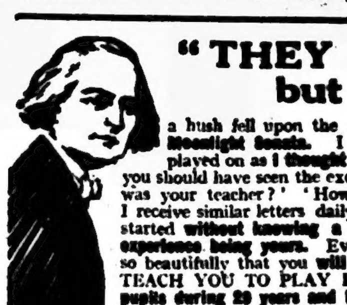

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a hush fell upon the room. I played the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat spellbound. I played on as I thought you would like me to play, and when the last notes died away you should have seen the excitement on my friends' faces! 'Where did you learn?' 'Who was your teacher?' 'How do you get that lovely singing tone?'"

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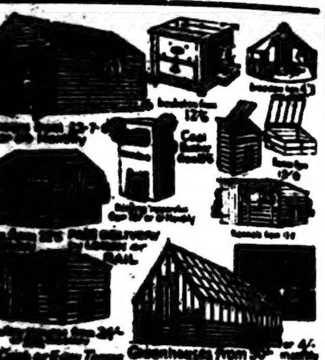

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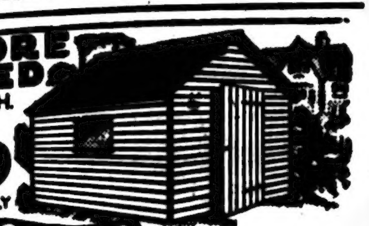

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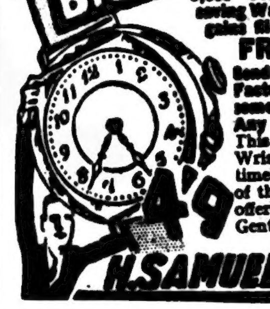

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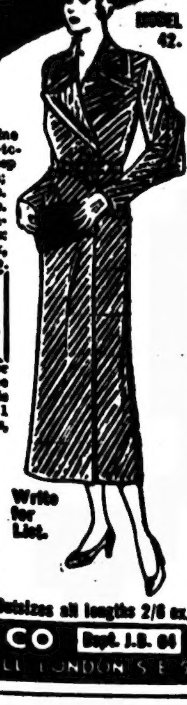

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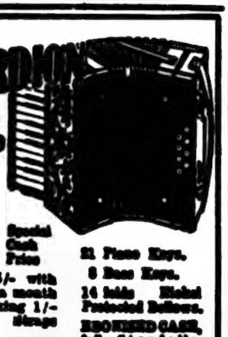

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PRISMATIC FIELD GLASSES

Amazing Value for 75/-

Exceedingly Powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumiere, Paris 8x Magnification. Wide view. Screw and Eye-piece Focus Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful Definition, name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather case with slings. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory, balance payable 5/- Monthly until 79/6 is paid, or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

20 gn. Model for 75/-

DAVIS & CO.,
(Dept. J.B. 128), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

FILMS FREE FOR WHITSUN

We load your camera FREE for Whitsun with an ultra-rapid, British made "Gratispool" film. NO "CATCH." Send this ad. with name, address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc., and free film will be sent by return. ALL SIZES NOW: 3¼ x 2¼; 4¼ x 2½; 2 x 3 or 2½ x 1⅝ films.

NEVER AGAIN BUY FILMS.
We supply you with films FREE in return for D & P orders. 3 p.s. prints plus another free film for 1/10.

GRATISPOOL CO. (Dep. J.B.2), 37, Isles Lane, LEEDS, 11

SOUTH WESTERN

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made with electric tools from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard, not featheredge. Garages steel braced if required, 6d. extra.

SUPER GARAGES.

		Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10' x 7'	..	100/-	5/-	9/3
14' x 8'	..	160/-	7/-	13/10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

		Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
6' x 4'	..	35/-	3/6	3/1
8' x 5'	..	55/-	4/-	4/11
10' x 7'	..	75/-	4/9	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

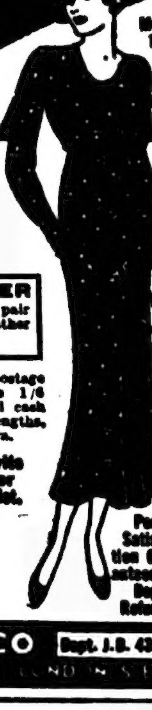
SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 Ltd.
Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines).

1/- DEPOSIT SECURES THIS 18CT. PLATED DRESS HUNTER

Undoubtedly one of the most handsome watches of the 1934 Swiss Exhibition. To its credit 7 "ancre de precision" medals stamped on extra inside dust-proof case. Highly polished 18ct. plated, modern chased case, incorporated to prevent wear and scratching. Thin and neat for dress and everyday wear. Unbreakable inside glass. Accurate Geneva lever movement. Timed, tested and guaranteed 10 years. Sent for 1/- down, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash or within 7 days 23/6.

AIRCRAFT WATCH DISTRIBUTORS (Dept. J.H.I.6).
87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.
(2nd Floor, opposite Glaves).

YOURS for 6D DEPOSIT



LADIES' SPRING FROCKS

35/- Value for 12/6.

Here is a delightful Spring Frock in Fashion's latest style, carried out in exquisite Art Printed Sand Crepe of Superior Quality. Note the new draped neckline with shoulder bow and smart sleeve. Full adjustable belt, trimmed slide. The skirt is attractively flared with raised seam yoke. Supplied in Navy, Green, Lido, Nigger and Black.

NOTE OUR FREE OFFER
Every Purchaser has, Free of Charge 1 pair of our 12/11 Ladies' Black Patent Leather Shoes, all sizes 2 to 8, as illustrated.

Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 12/11 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 12/6 only. All sizes and lengths, X.O.S. sizes 1/6 extra.

THESE SHOES FREE

Write for List.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed or Deposit Refunded

J A DAVIS & CO Dept. J.B. 432
94-104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S.E.5

ONE FURTHER OPPORTUNITY

For JOHN BULL'S GREAT CAMERA GIFT

One for you
One for your friend
LUKOS
ENSIGN
E29

Above is a reduced illustration of the two superb "Ensign" Cameras which you and your friend can obtain in time for the holidays.

YOUR FIRST FILM COMES WITH YOUR CAMERA

"John Bull" has arranged for YOUR FIRST SIX - EXPOSURE SPOOL OF FILM TO BE SENT WITH YOUR CAMERA, so that you can begin to take pictures at once. This film, which takes pictures size 3 in. by 2 in., is the famous Daylight-loading "E 29" LUKOS film. This Camera will, of course, take any make of film 3 in. by 2 in., obtainable everywhere.

APPLY AT ONCE

"JOHN BULL'S" great Camera Gift offer is breaking all records. So continuous in fact is the stream of applications that is pouring in for these "Ensign" Cameras that "John Bull" this week is extending one further opportunity to its readers. If you have not yet applied, do so now by getting the forms below filled in and posted to-day. Remember "John Bull" not only invites you to accept one of these magnificent modern Cameras for yourself but offers one to a friend as well. Act instantly and let "John Bull" provide you with the fun of photography the whole Summer through.

This superb "Ensign" Camera, which comes to you **complete with film—ready for taking pictures**, is the very latest model—a real high-grade, British-made article—a Camera backed by a century of splendid photographic experience.

It has a genuine British-made lens of the rapid Meniscus type, specially focussed to give clear, sparkling snaps from six feet to infinity. Everything you see in the viewfinder comes out in the print—**inexpensive, trouble-free photography**. The wonderful "EVERSET ROTARY" shutter enables you to switch from 'snap' to 'time' exposure—you can photograph heavy detail and take beautiful pictures indoors as well as out. It has two large-size optical reflex viewfinders, for vertical and horizontal pictures.

The body of this "Ensign" Camera is strongly made and is attractively covered with handsome Black Morocco-grained Leatherette. It has a stout, real leather carrying handle. All exterior fittings are polished nickel plated or black.

To load this Camera is the easiest thing in the world.

A Leaflet giving full operating particulars is sent with every Camera.

TO SECURE YOUR GIFT you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is NOT already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve weeks. In return, we will **present both to you and to your friend a 1934 "Ensign" Camera**. The only other thing we ask you to do is to make certain that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader—i.e., one who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the first place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for twelve weeks, you are **each** asked to cut out and affix twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive current issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you an "Ensign" Camera, complete with six-exposure "LUKOS" Daylight Loading Film—so that your camera is ready for use the moment it is unpacked. **That is all. There are no hidden conditions.** There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than 2/6 each, which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., and the film that comes packed inside each camera.

Act NOW. First read the simple "How to Qualify" directions on the left. Then take the first step towards securing your Camera by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day!

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify for your Gift Cameras. At the same time, two Gift Cameras will be specially reserved—one in your name and the other in the name of your friend.

Decide **straight away** to make sure of an "Ensign" Camera for yourself and one for your friend by getting the Forms below filled in and posted to-day. Hurry!

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that these Rules should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

Simple Rules

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. An "Ensign" Camera will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label. Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it twelve consecutively numbered tokens cut from 12 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "A" and they appear every week only in the RIGHT HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants from this announcement may start with Token No. A75 from this week's issue but no tokens prior to A71 and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme. When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 12 weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Cameras cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 2/6 (Two Shillings and Sixpence) which includes the 6-exposure spool of E.29 "Lukos" 3 in. by 2 in. film, and the cost of postage, packing, insurance, etc., on the Cameras, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses. There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants. No person may qualify for more than one Gift Camera and no Camera will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. Each applicant who is qualifying for a Camera must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

POST FORMS BELOW TO-DAY

IMPORTANT! Do not separate the forms below—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you.

Name..

Full Postal Address..

....

....

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than Saturday, MAY [illegible].

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A."

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

☛ The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.5, "JOHN BULL,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my "Ensign" Camera, together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature..

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

....

Date..

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your order for the regular delivery of "John Bull.

Newsagent's Name..

Address..

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED
District Supervisor.

RESERVATION FORM "B."

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature..

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

Date..

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name..

Address..

....

LEAVE BLANK
CHECKED
District Supervisor.

"John Bull," 12-5-34.

SMALL TRADERS, HOPKEEPERS.

MONEY FOR YOU. ons help you to make money. , 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. os.. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's dos. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. er bargains. Come and see us or Catalogue.—Cochrane's Whole- 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

PRICE LIST to Dealers and Be- en lines in Drapery, Hosiery, wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., oundsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

GOODS TO SELL in your spare , good profits. 176-page Cata- (125), George St., Birmingham.

losiery, Underwear and Boots, Credit Drapers and Beginners est prices (wholesale only).—M. Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, rfect and repeatable goods of ue. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Child's, Household. Boots and ion guaranteed. Wholesale only. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

Remnants, Silk Sets, Pyjamas, irts, Bedding, etc. Wonder par- Make Money" Trade List free. urner Street, Manchester.

our Tennis Racquet with our viver. Prolongs life of gut for P.O. 2/- (inc. carr.). Gee Bros. Dolphin Rd., Slough, Bucks.

S FOR BEGINNERS AND Hosiery and underwear our Conlowe" underwear at lowest r our free illustrated Catalogue. NEW WAREHOUSE, HOUNDSDITCH, E.3.

NCIES, CLUBS.

NUS AND INCOME ALL THE selling 1/- lines at half profit. where. Samples free.— Write , Mildmay Park, London, N.1.

£5 a week in your spare time dress fabrics to your friends, clubs. Wholesale prices direct Send for patterns.—Primrose ford Street, Manchester.

MPLOYMENT.

VERS
rcial and Private positions.
gain more successes each year
r schools in England combined.
g for R.A.C. Official Certificate
and equipment in any part of
Manchester, or Birmingham.
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H SCHOOL OF MOTORING.
nted—Royal Automobile Club.
years. 84,000 successful pupils.
nal Training and Employment
Motor Drivers, Licensed L.C.C.
nefits for B.S.M. Pupils.
see us. We will give you frank
ce. Or write for full particulars.
H SCHOOL OF MOTORING.
OVENTRY STREET
St., next Lyons' Corner House),
ADILLY CIRCUS, W.1.
nchester and Birmingham.

ICE VACANCIES. The 1934 Service Handbook is now ready ibution. Those desiring details e limits, pay, Entrance Exams., ches of the Service (either sex—) are advised to apply for this immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. Street, W.1.

rofession. Become a certificated rite partics. Home Study Course. rgical Chiropody. Leatherhead.

Hobby Making Goldwire Necklets samp. & instructions 1½d. stamp. rter, 60, Fairbank Rd., Bradford.

RUITS. Young men desirous of litan, Town or County Police Free Police Handbook, which ds of entrance to all Forces. B.T.I (Dept 602) 29, Oxford

EMPLOYMENT offered in the tween 18 and 25. Good pay. A plenty of sport.—Full particu- ting Office or Drill Hall.

EERING DEPT. Commencing ors £4, rising to £5 15s. per rience required. The Entrance fficult. Age limits 17-23. For ply B.I.E.T. (Dept 527), 29, W.1.

D EXCISE. Attractive careers young men, aged 19-21. Com- 3 6s. The Entrance Exam. is or full details apply to B.T.I. Oxford Street W.1.

SS SERVICES, ETC.

TRADERS. — Advertisements provincial newspapers or London Welsh. 3/8. Large or small paigns. Advice free. Write for Buttolph & Dickson 323, High n. W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

ING.—Every description, large or p. books, Catlgs., Folders, Maps., Samps. 2d. Meads (60), Sandy.

TING! DUP. BOOKS, from 1/- from 2/6 1,000: Cards, Memos, arsons Church Rd., Portsmouth.

Billheads, Handbills, Cards from nples free.—Stanley Osborne & treet, Gloucester.

Best Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 ntcards, 144 3/9. H'bills, Samps., Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

ARGAIN SALES.

DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. ns post free.—WEST RIDING O., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

z., Fing. 1½d., Marls 12d., Blk. 1/- 1/3 lb., cols. 1/6½. Samples Wool Co., Ltd., Dept. 71, N/-Tyne.

S from Mills from 2½d. roll. Patterns post free. — Osborne Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.

A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHINA.—120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, etc., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE. 48 cups & scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'wear. Col. Catlg. & Guide, worth £s, FREE. Bridge St. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

BRITISH non-combine **WALLPAPER** from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS.—The famous Blakey Morris Pattern Book (the largest published) post free.—Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept J.B. 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

LADIES' Hosiery, U'wear. Buy for resale, 50% profit. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. You should see the latest designs for 1934. Pattern Book post free.—Bruce & Hall (Dept. J.B.), South Shields.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS (with steel braced corners) of all kinds on easy terms. Garden Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, Bungalows, Poultry Houses. A novice can erect. Instructions supplied. Better and much cheaper than building yourself. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue of 1,500 sizes and designs at sale prices.—J. Thorn & Sons, Ltd., Box 18, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

AMAZING FREE GIFT to all applicants. Nothing to buy. Absolutely free, just to introduce our bargain list, superior Self-filling Fountain Pen. Send name and address and 4d. stamps for post and packing to Wm. Penn (Gift Dept., J.B.5), 623, Holloway Rd London, N.19.

EVERY MAN CAN BE WELL DRESSED AT LOW COST. Turn to the announcement on p. 37 and send for free patterns to one of the addresses given in the advt.. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when writing.

WONDERFUL BARGAIN! Genuine 15/11 Frock reduced to 10/11. Sent on appro. for 1/6 deposit. Turn to the Ambrose Wilson offer on p. 34.

FILL in coupon in "Berkeley" Chair advt. on page 33 for free illus. Catlg., Patterns and partics. of "Superlax" model offered for only 10/- down. Send coupon now.

FREE.—A handsome 36-p. illus. Cat. is offered in the **HOPPER CYCLE** advt on p. 20.

FILL in the coupon on p. 27 for a free copy of the beautiful Folder offered by Drage's, the famous furnishing firm. It contains illustrations and detailed prices of many excellent value suites. Send for your free copy now.

ROYAL ENFIELD
HAVE BEEN MAKING
BICYCLES OF
DISTINCTION
FOR OVER
40 YEARS

BENEFIT BY THEIR EXPERIENCE AND SECURE THE BEST IT COSTS NO MORE

SUPPLIED COMPLETE WITH ACCESSORIES

PRICES FROM £3·19·9

OR BY GRADUAL PAYMENTS FROM 2/- WEEKLY

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD. REDDITCH
Send Catalogue D.1.
Name ....
Address ....
....

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/-, for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FUN AT HOME. Many little mystery gadgets are being marketed by Ellisdon & Son, who offer a Catalogue Free. Turn to our "Shop Window" advt. on page 2 for full details.

SOMETHING UNIQUE! Everyone knows how easily a highly polished table-top quickly marks, especially when the table is in daily use for meals. If you value your table don't rely on ordinary table mats any longer, but get the Unique Folding Table Pad, which is both heat and waterproof. This much-needed article is described and illustrated on page 2 and readers should send to the advertisers for the Free explanatory folder, which will be sent gratis and post free.

FREE FILMS for Amateur Photographers! Sounds too good to be true, but it is true. All you need do is to send your name and address to the Gratispool Co. with stamps for postage and your Free Films will reach you for Whitsun. Follow the instructions in the advt. on p. 3.

FLANNELS for Whitsun. Buy direct from the Flannel King and get value and stylish cut. You'll find his address in the "Shop Window" ad. on p. 2.

GREAT Free offer of Bowls. 120 pairs given away. Write for details. See page 37.

OF SPECIAL interest to housewives. Don't waste money on inefficient cleaners. Write for full details of the new modern hygienic way with the use of an Electrolux. An excellent free Catalogue can be secured by filling in the coupon on p. 28.

NEWS for all Camera owners. Kodak Film costs less. One shilling now instead of 1/2, but only the price changes—you still get 8 pictures in each roll, yet the same Kodak quality. In order to get good snaps use Kodak Film—the Film that gets all the detail. See p. 12.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, Drum Outfits. Wonderful 1934 Catalogue 44 pages free.—Terms. OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, SAXOPHONES, GUITARS. Send for Free Catalogues. Easy Terms. Hessy's, 18/20, Manchester St. Liverpool. "J.D."

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet Teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

TEA.—Housewives, be wise by purchasing your Tea Wh'sale. Carriage and discount on all orders over 4 lb. Write at once. Trade supplied. Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., 54, Borthwick Rd., London, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED. — Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details. — Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's *Fluid Remedy*, 1/3, 3/- Boots, etc., or Parker's *Remedy*, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address: Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (482), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

ACID stomach, wind, backache, getting up nights, instantly relieved by wonderful new Karmoid Tablets. Sample free. — International Laboratories, 33c, Smedley St., London, S.W.8.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists or by post, 5½d. and 9½d.
RANKIN & CO., Dept. "G.," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

FREE.—Generous Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica. Extraordinarily effective and perfectly safe. Does not affect the heart. Recommended by doctors. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. In Powders and Tablets. Send p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

ASTHMA SUFFERERS can obtain a FREE SAMPLE of "RAZ-MAH." See p. 28.

RHEUMATIC sufferers should turn to the Alfred Bishop offer on p. 42 and write for a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment.

STEEDMAN'S FAMOUS BOOK. "Hints to Mothers," is offered free on p. 31.

FREE.—All Mothers of growing girls should read "Nature's Warnings," a booklet offered by the Proprietors of Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills. The address appears in advt. on p. 31.

FREE!—THE COUPON on p. 36 will bring you a **GENEROUS SAMPLE** of "Bisurated Magnesia," the well-known Indigestion remedy, together with a free Treatise on Digestive Troubles. Fill in and post the coupon now, while you think of it!

ASTHMA & CATARRH SUFFERERS! Turn to the offer on p. 46. A free trial supply of Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Tablets or generous sample of Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure, together with free treatise and testimonials, will be sent on receipt of the coupons. Enclose 3d. stamps for postage.

FREE to sufferers from painful piles. Send no money—only a p.c. for a supply of "Nemolin" Ointment. This offer appears in advt. on p. 45.

FREE.—A copy of a famous herb book. On page 41 Heath and Heather offer to every reader their special book of herbs, which has proved a great boon to thousands of sufferers. As a reference work it is a necessity in many homes. Fill in the coupon and post in an unsealed envelope bearing 1d stamp.

NAHKA, the Wonderful HAIR GROWER. Stops baldness, dandruff and falling hair. Makes hair soft and lustrous. Non-injurious. 5s. post free. Redford & Co., 62 Baker St. London, W.1.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing to large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 25 yrs Bell's, Headrow, Leeds

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Call or write for beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, also Men's Catlg., sent post free. SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

BULLETEERS! State your favourite "Bullet." Send 1/- (3 for 2/6) for attractive card ready to hand. A. Scott, 22, Trigon Rd., London, S.W.8.

£60 FOR A STORY

A FIRST prize of £60, a second of £40, and a third of £30 offered for complete stories (10,000 words).—Full particulars from Story Editor, Thomson Publications 12 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

FREE.—Generous sample of "Feen-a-Mint," the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes constipation. Send 1½d stamp to White's Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. F.1, 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See p. 26.

A LEISURE HOUR COMPETITION. Fill in the coupon in the Front Cover advt., placing a cross against those sports or hobbies in which you are specially interested. Free partics. and entry forms will be sent to you. Send the coupon for full details now, while you think of it.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 33 for a copy of the **STORK** Recipe Book.

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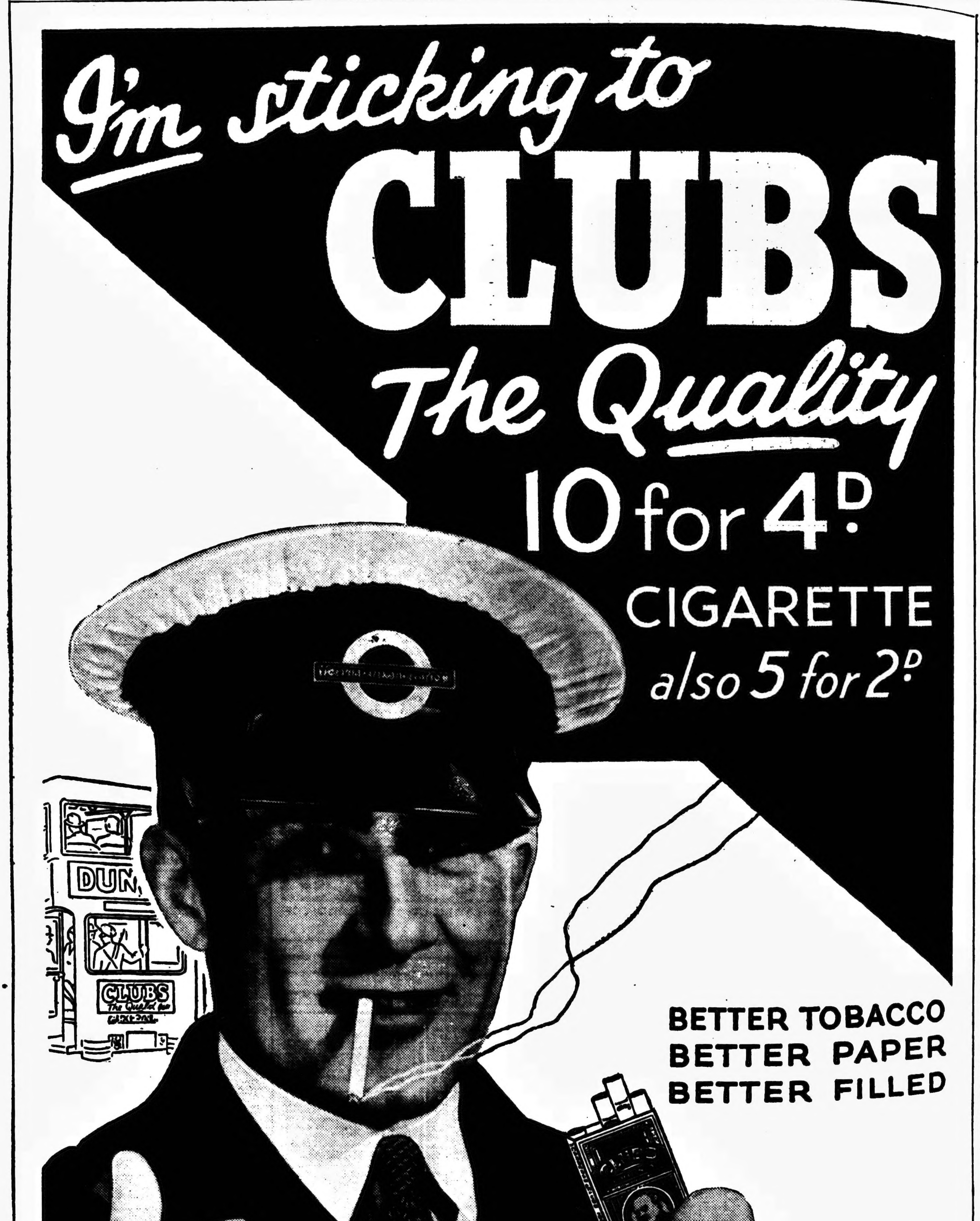
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JOHN BULL

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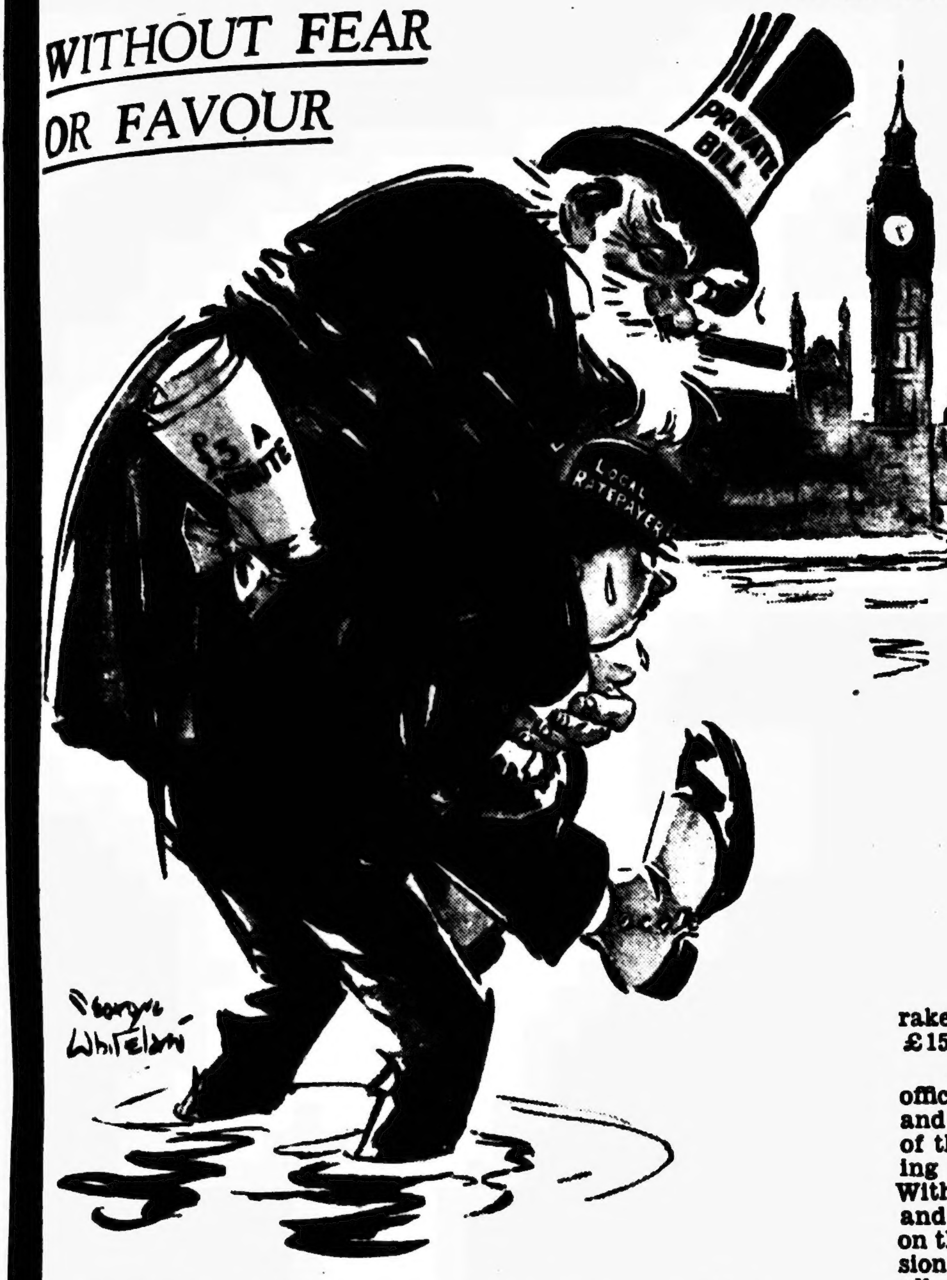


Parliament's Old Man of the Sea . . . He's four times the weight the ratepayers should carry

PLUNDER *in* *Parliament!*

THE panelled room overlooking the Thames might be a court of law. At a long table sit eight or ten barristers in wigs and gowns. They face a semi-circle of "judges." These wear no robes, for they are Members of Parliament; but they do not differ in other respects from a court of judges.

Between them and the barristers sit a witness who has been sworn, and a shorthand writer. Behind counsel are forty or fifty people —municipal officials, solicitors, more witnesses.

The witness at the table is examined and cross-examined, questioned by the M.P.s, especially the chairman. Every word is taken down by the shorthand writer, to be printed *verbatim.*

The proceedings last for about six hours each day. They may take four, five, ten or fifteen days to complete.

And the cost is £3 a minute—maybe more. And that money comes out of the pockets of the ratepayers.

A local council has presented a private Bill to Parliament for powers to proceed with a development scheme. The Bill has reached the committee stage.

It is being opposed, and with the opposition is piled up a staggering sum in expenses, the bulk of which is unjustified.

EVERY year fifty to one hundred private Bills are promoted by local authorities, public utility companies, and similar bodies. When unopposed they cost comparatively little, though never less than £2,000. When opposed, their journey at every stage until the Royal Assent is obtained involves enormous outlay.

First there are the House of Commons fees, which vary according to the amount of money involved in the Bill, and the length of time occupied by the Court of Referees or the Committee. These may be anything from £300 to £1,000.

A Parliamentary agent is engaged whose fees and commissions increase with the other expenses. For every £1,000 costs he has a fat rake-off, estimated to average £150.

A small army of local officials has to come to London and stay there, at the expense of those interested in promoting or opposing the measure. With them they bring solicitors and expert witnesses—all paid on the highest scales of professional fees, plus a generous allowance for expenses.

Every syllable of the evidence taken by the committee must be printed. The average cost per day is £110. The preparation of books of reference, plans, maps, and tables of figures, all specially done for the Bill, can comfortably absorb £2,000.

But the heaviest item of all, when a Bill is opposed, is counsel fees. Members of the Parliamentary Bar are engaged by each of the parties interested to plead their case before the committee. The fees are reliably estimated to account for over 28 per cent. of the gross cost of the Bill through all its stages.

AT the moment a Bill is being piloted through Parliament on behalf of the Newport (Mon.) Corporation, to allow this body to extend its boundaries The Bill is opposed by three or four district councils, the Monmouthshire County Council and the Great Western Railway. Already a House of Lords committee has listened to evidence for about ten days, and now the Bill, after the second reading, has been referred to a committee of the House of Commons.

Distinguished counsel have been briefed, and a wide field of local politics and administration has been examined through the evidence of expert witnesses and officials—at tremendous cost.

Anything up to £18,000 has so far been spent by the promoters and the opposers. The total will be thousands more before the end is reached.

And the Bill may be thrown out. Whatever happens, local ratepayers will have to "foot the Bill," except for the relatively small cost incurred by the railway company.

Some time ago, Blackpool Corporation promoted a similar Bill. Less intricate questions were involved, but the cost was £11,643. Of that, £3,477 went in fees to expert witnesses, many of whom were never called to give evidence. Counsels' fees were £2,259.

The Bill was *not* passed.

Ratios of costs vary considerably. Sometimes the barristers get the lion's share, sometimes the expert witnesses. Sometimes it goes in travelling expenses and hotel bills. This item alone amounted to £2,351 for a Bill of which detailed figures are available. In another case it was £1,230.

The Parliamentary agents' proportion is the least varying. These gentlemen always do well. The more the Bill costs, the more they get. They have, for example, a ten per cent. commission on the printing charges.

Seventy-five per cent. of the cost of an opposed Bill presented on behalf of a local authority is a sheer waste of the ratepayers' money, because there is no need for matters of local concern to be thrashed out in the costly precincts of the House of Commons and the House of Lords.

IF the Newport Corporation, or any similar body, wishes to grow a bit bigger, and the neighbouring authorities do not wish their shadow to grow less in consequence, the matter might first be investigated on the spot by the Ministry of Health.

Civil servants in the Ministry are better fitted to deal with the technicalities of local administration and finance than any committee in Parliament. It is their job, and they would not charge fees for it.

Surely in the preliminary stages, the case for and against could be presented by the clerks of the councils and the Members, who know, or ought to know, enough about their own business to argue a claim before trained officials.

Expert witnesses could mainly be dispensed with, for the experience of Parliamentary committees is that they usually cancel out each other's evidence. In any case, most of the councils have experts in their employment—surveyors, engineers, and the like.

After "vetting" by the Ministry of Health, the Bill could be presented to the House of Commons, if a *prima facie* case had been made out for it. It would then be dealt with as it is now at the third reading, after it has been amended in committee.

THE case for or against a Bill could be put by the Members of Parliament most interested. That is one of the jobs M.P.s are elected and paid for. If they do not know enough about their local affairs to present a case for or against a Bill concerning them, they ought not to be there.

As things are, local authorities are forced to employ professional men for work which, if it must be done in Parliamentary committees, might largely be done by the Members.

Parliament is a legislative body. It ought to be able to legislate on local affairs without outside assistance.

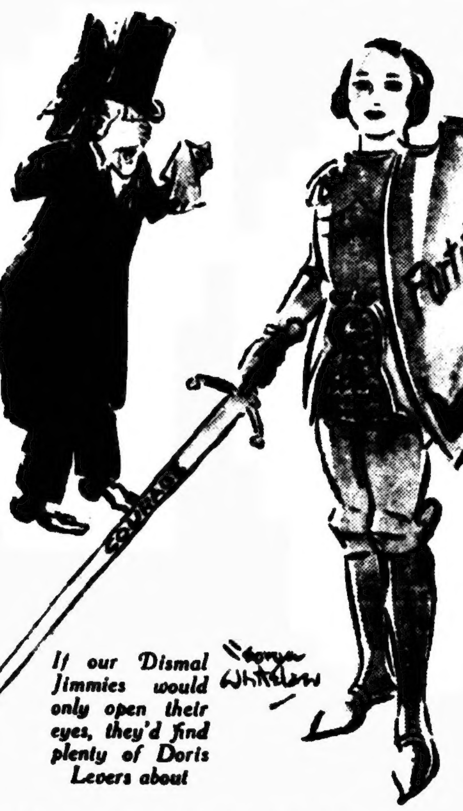
Naturally Members would have to spend more time on private Bills than they do now. Since they find nothing at all to do for thirty weeks in the year, it would be no hardship.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

The Truth About Youth WE Want to Hear

Rent Wisdom from the Prince

Fined—a Man of Honour



If our Dismal Jimmies would only open their eyes, they'd find plenty of Doris Levers about

WHAT a pity that the dismal Jeremiahs who week after week wail about the "softness" and "spinelessness" of the younger generation do not look instead for the real stuff that youth is still made of.

If they did they would realise what courage and endeavour lay behind a prosaic rate summons at Willesden police court last week.

Girl breadwinner

The defendant, a woman who is a permanent invalid, was too ill to attend the court, so her eldest daughter took her place.

She was a girl of seventeen, Doris Lever. Her father was once a £5,000-a-year man, but business losses ruined him and he died penniless.

Doris stepped into the breach. Now she is keeping a boarding-house at Westcliff, working like "half a dozen people" to keep her paralysed mother and her four small brothers and sisters.

Story that inspires

We cannot blame the local authority for summoning poor Mrs. Lever; it is the guardian of public money and must put duty before sympathy.

But we are glad the magistrate declined to make a distraint in this hard case. "Like a chapter from the Book of Job," he described it.

Well, we hope the chapter will have a very happy ending.

Little mother

Only a week or two ago we told how another girl had for years acted as "little mother" to her orphaned sisters, caring for them devotedly until she died at the age of twenty-two.

Indeed, we have reported innumerable cases, from time to time, of such youthful selflessness.

Doing their bit

We believe our Dismal Jimmies would be doing the nation a better service if, instead of looking for the worst in the younger generation, they searched for the best and extolled the sacrifices of Doris Lever and others of her kind.

Only the deliberately biased can believe that the young people of to-day are any worse than their predecessors. The gallantry of young Doris Lever and the thousands like her prove they are "doing their bit."

So let us hear more about them!

The Prince and rent

It was a rates problem that Doris Lever had to face. But the problem which worries hundreds of thousands of people every week is that of high rents.

The Prince of Wales put his finger on a vital point when he said that one-fifth or even one-sixth of a worker's wages was quite enough for rent.

His appeal for lower rents is all the more imperative because, as he himself stressed not long ago, the average weekly wage in Britain is now only 50s.

Yet how few workers pay only 10s. or less for the shelter over their heads!

Bluff

We know, too, that hundreds of thousands of people are being bluffed into paying more rent than is allowed by law.

A change of tenancy is a favourite excuse of bad landlords to assert that a house is no longer covered by the Rent Restriction Acts, though very often this is untrue.

And often, moreover, the benefit of rate reductions is not passed on to the tenant.

Any readers in doubt about their rent should write to JOHN BULL about it.

We tell them

And don't forget to send any pension queries to us.

A Belfast reader was disallowed the old age pension because he hadn't been resident in Great Britain for twelve years after reaching the age of fifty.

But the authorities had overlooked the fact that he had supported his wife and children in Belfast while he was abroad—a fact which entitled him to a pension.

We took up his claim—and won it for him.

Mean

So the miners' M.P.s have been definitely told that the Government won't facilitate their Bill for guaranteeing a minimum living wage for miners.

That just infuriates us, particularly as the men are getting, on the average, only half the wages they drew twelve years ago.

We hear a lot about sympathy for them when disaster sweeps a party of them to eternity. But we still believe that sympathy can better be expressed by deeds than words.

The Fragrant Minute

EVERYDAY HERO

NOBODY gives him medals, nobody cries "Well done!" Nobody stops a minute to watch how his race is run. Nobody claps and cheers him. Nobody cries "Hurray!" And yet he's a gallant fellow—this knight of the Everyday.

No one could call him handsome; he hasn't a film star's eyes; his hair is nothing to notice; he's just a medium size. No spectacular record, by car or by aeroplane; just plodding to work each morning—and plodding home again.

Decent and honest and kindly, bearing a full-sized load, without self-pity's grumble, along monotony's road. Nobody gives him medals, but oh! I am very glad to rhyme about this hero—an everyday husband and Dad!

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Stranded

Football heroes of yesterday are walking about to-day with furrowed brows and wondering eyes.

Instead of experiencing the thrill of hearing the cheering of thousands, they are wondering what will happen to them during a long and possibly wageless summer—themselves, their wives and children.

The signing-on season is past and their clubs have not offered them terms. They have to wait until other clubs come along with offers. Meanwhile they are stranded.

Scandalous system

We say this is a monstrous system. Why should a club be able to say to a player: "We do not want you; but you have got to find a club which will pay you £3,000 or £4,000 before you will be free to go and earn your living"?

We know a club cannot do that unless it first offers a new contract and £208 per annum; but what sort of recompense is that for a first-class professional footballer?

There are other hard cases in which players are offered a free transfer, but there are aspects of that which make it far less kind that it might appear.

Taking them in

We feel that one of the worst types of profiteer is the man who tries to exploit cheap council houses.

At Kendal, for instance, a corporation tenant is said to have taken six lodgers into a four-bedroomed house; in a house with two bedrooms there were four lodgers besides the family. And there are complaints of people owning cars taking advantage of genuine applicants.

Apparently the Kendal lodgers aren't the only folk who are being "taken in."

For his honour!

There is a young unemployed man in Newcastle who might also complain that he has been "taken in" in the meanest sense of the term.

Because he married a girl who was about to become the mother of his child, the public assistance committee has reduced his allowance by 3s. 3d. a week!

That should teach him, and others like him, not to be so squeamish about such obligations of honour! But since when has the committee had authority to act as judges of morals?

Shameful

Our sympathy goes out to another young man—a shop assistant summoned at Birkenhead for causing obstruction with his car.

The police were tactless enough to serve the summons at the shop where he worked; his employers were so heartless as to dismiss him.

They said it wasn't "businesslike" to have the police "hanging around," though if their shop was burgled we guess they'd change their mind about that.

We are glad the magistrates dismissed the case without entering into its merits; we hope both the police and the man's employers will take the hint.

Police get busy

As for the London police, does Lord Trenchard know how some of them spend their time?

Four detectives "laid in wait" outside West Ham football ground and arrested four youths. The crime?

Well, the lads shouted "All the League results!" in order to sell their newspapers. Of course, any football enthusiast would know that at that time—five o'clock—the results couldn't possibly be complete.

Wasted

This meant that the four officers not only wasted their time on Saturday, but had to spend Monday morning at the police court. An inspector, policemen, jailer, four magistrates and the clerk were also there.

We advise the police to concentrate on less trifling offences.

Justice squints

Then, at Coventry Petty Sessions, a man was fined £10 for driving a lorry at 25 miles an hour.

Next appeared a brute, named Walter Plumb, who had worked a horse so emaciated that it could hardly walk. The horse was an old war veteran which had been shot through the eye and shoulder; Plumb thrashed it and called a boy to beat it with a stick.

He was fined 10s.

Is there a grain of sense in these two sentences?

Very green!

Now let us tell a story that would raise a laugh in any music-hall and yet happens to be true.

Bolton Town Council provided working men with a municipal golf links—but ordained that no games can be allowed there on Sunday.

We suppose that all the working men have to do is to play truant from work or get sacked—then working man's golf at Bolton will become possible.

Is sport a crime?

Equally fatuous is Ayr County Council, which says that any unemployed man who devotes part of his leisure to the training or running of greyhounds will be refused relief.

Why should a man be debarred from sport—and perhaps the opportunity of making a little money—because he is poor?

We are heartily tired of the bigwigs who treat the out-of-work man as a leper. We'd like to treat them in the same way.

Helping hand

Fortunately, the "man in the street" puts the bigwigs to shame in this respect.

One of the little good deeds of the week that pleased us was performed by a man at Reading who was summoned for keeping a dog without a licence. He sent an open cheque and offered to pay the penalty of any out-of-work man prosecuted for a similar offence.

A little thing, but it meant a lot.

Modest heroine

And let us pay tribute to the woman who dived into the Thames in a vain attempt to save a drowning man.

She was picked up by a dinghy; then, without revealing her name—though she was later identified as Mrs. Denise Wilman—she hurried off in her soddened clothes.

Bravery and modesty—what better combination could there be?

Cleared up

The case of a young woman at Tavistock, who obtained partial employment at a very low wage and was refused assistance by the Means Test committee, was referred to in our issue of April 28.

We learn that the father has since lost his job and has been allowed full benefit, while his daughter's application was refused because a good income was being received by the family.

We are glad to hear it.

Mad muddle

We were annoyed to see that a funeral had to be postponed at Coxhoe, Durham, because of the great difficulty in getting a death certificate.

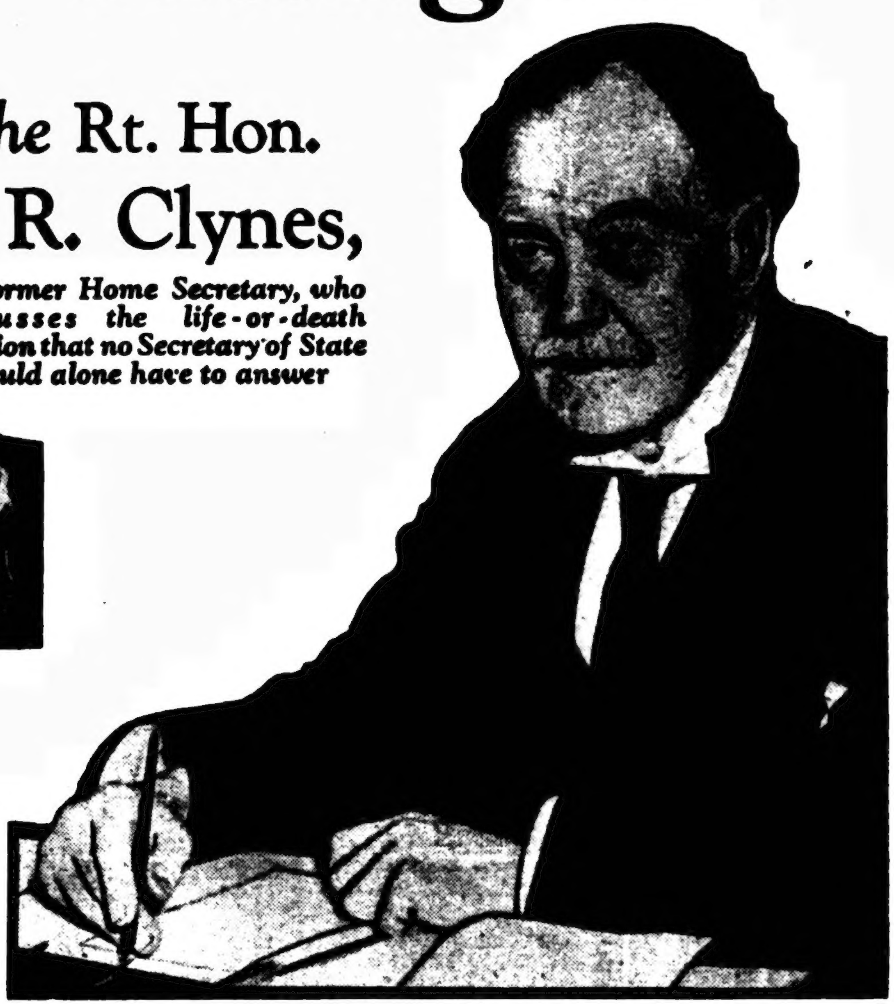
You see, Coxhoe is situated in two parishes, two rural areas, two registration areas, different parliamentary divisions, different coroner's wards.

There are many similar absurdities throughout the country. Why?

Shall He be Hanged?

the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes,

the former Home Secretary, who discusses the life-or-death question that no Secretary of State should alone have to answer



A film study of a murderer awaiting sentence. Will it later be execution—or reprieve?

Sir John Gilmour, the present Home Secretary. "His is a burden that no one man should have to bear"

AMID the varied service of the Home Secretary, his most grim and anxious duty is that of reviewing some of the cases in which men have been sentenced to death.

Many of these cases arouse no perplexity. The law must take its course. The facts and circumstances and everything relating to arrest, trial and sentence give rise to no conflict of view.

I do not mean that any such case is a matter for stoicism or indifference. All these cases are, indeed, pitiful and moving, and no Minister can be indifferent to any of them.

But only a few require that kind of personal examination which is a matter of uneasiness and sometimes mental distress to the Home Secretary.

These few are more than enough, and, as a former Home Secretary, I can recall some disturbed nights with visions of doom in a death cell and a home (usually a poor one) shaken with heartbreaking sobs and the agony of mind of relatives or parents. They are waiting for the final word which seals the fate of some miserable creature in the grip of the law.

The country's question

IT is not the business of the Home Secretary to raise the issue of whether the law is right or wrong. The question of Capital Punishment is one for the country and for Parliament.

Having my own views on this matter, and finding those views strengthened by experience, I took steps while in office to have the whole problem investigated by a Committee with a view to a Report and an assembly of facts on which the House of Commons could decide whether the law ought to be changed. Events and a change of Government interrupted any proposed action.

Acute divisions of opinion fluctuate with the number and character of terrible offences as they are reported. If we enjoy a long period of relief from serious crime, opinion settles down to lenient mood, and demands for the abolition of Capital Punishment gather ground. But if some shocking outrage occurs, public indignation flares up and a House of Commons reflects the fury of the Press and the wrath of the public.

The degree of public interest in this special duty of the Home Secretary is shown in the fact that most of the questions put to him about his job come round sooner or later to this one disagreeable line of service, and people are sure to ask him what it was like to take a definite personal part in deciding an issue of life and death.

No pressure on him

IT is a heavy responsibility which he cannot share with anyone, but when a Minister undertakes duties at the Home Office and becomes His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, he takes an oath to do his duty according to the law, and he must face the most distressing job as well as the most pleasant.

A Home Secretary is, of course, aided by colleagues and officials who are possessed of all the available evidence relating to the law, the facts and the circumstances of the case.

A decision, however, rests with him alone, and in this he is absolutely free from any influence or pressure of any kind.

I do not think there is a country with a more fair judicial system than our own. Innocence is assumed until guilt is proven. The whole procedure of our Courts in capital cases is designed to afford every facility for defence, and in no way to tilt the scales against a prisoner. On the contrary, there is a natural recoil on the part of all concerned from trying to produce a result which must end a life on the scaffold. There is, I believe, some eagerness to assist in proving innocence where that is at all possible.

The Secretary of State seldom requires in these cases to trouble himself about points of law. He must rather keep his mind upon the facts.

If he contemplates intervention, and thinks to advise the Throne to exercise the Royal prerogative of mercy, he must weigh every consideration as to motive and circumstance.

He must examine how far a crime might have been committed under the irresistible influences of passion or the compelling forces of great provocation. He must distinguish between an offence of a calculated, cool and brutal character, and a momentary lapse that may have been due to an unbalanced mind, or to circumstances not easily described.

Terrible responsibility

HE must especially have regard to considerations which are little known outside his own duties—namely, that facts and circumstances which could not be tendered in evidence, or were not so tendered during the course of a trial, may be revealed and placed in his hands as new material which he must consider.

Indeed, this is an outstanding reason to justify any kind of review after a case has emerged from its final Court stage in a Court of Appeal.

But nothing can completely justify a practice which throws upon the shoulders of one man the whole responsibility in a last review. It is a burden that no one man should have to bear.

Only last week the Home Secretary, Sir John Gilmour, had before him for consideration at the same time no fewer than six cases of murderers whose execution or reprieve rested upon the recommendation he would make to His Majesty.

I myself was on one occasion simultaneously faced with the same life-or-death problem in three cases.

The power of reprieve, of course, rests with the Throne, but the procedure or recommendation, together with the formulation of any reasons for whatever course may be suggested fall on the Secretary of State. He must not lightly recommend any interference with the course of the law. and must have good ground with reasons stated by him for whatever he may suggest.

I would not favour any interference with the use of the Royal Prerogative, but a change in procedure is desirable, and would, I believe, be welcomed by the public, who themselves are often asked, after a death sentence, to hold meetings, sign petitions, send deputations, pass resolutions, or in some way use their influence to exert pressure upon a Secretary of State.

I would favour the creation of a small tribunal of men who would be eminently suitable for the task of final review. I could name some such men, but I will not. They could number about five, so that three of them would as a certainty be free to act.

They would be men of a judicial mind, but with no professional attachments to the law.

When called together, either by the Lord Chancellor or by the Home Secretary, they could act as a group detached or in consultation with the Lord Chancellor, or other State officer, whose dignity and position stand high above the political head of any Department, and who has no constituents to press him with tearful appeals for mercy.

I do not, of course, believe that a Party or personal reason has ever influenced a Secretary of State in one of these cases, but there are many people who do believe that.

Vengeance not ours

LET me reduce to three briefly stated reasons the case for a change:

It would afford, in the final stage of any review, the maximum of judicial and human consideration for a man under sentence of death.

It would remove the Home Secretary from any suspicion that he may be influenced by his individual views on Capital Punishment.

It would liberate the Home Secretary from the odious and oppressive function now imposed upon him in having to shoulder individual responsibility for saying the last word in any recommendation to the Crown.

I put these reasons in the order of their importance, for always in the presence of death we must restrain ourselves from any act bordering on vengeance upon a poor wretch who has caused the death of another.

The Great Debutante Racket Exposed—

The great debutante trek to Buckingham Palace: "The path may be a dazzling one, but it can be a very expensive one, too"—and strewn with dangers for the uninitiated

WE are once more being told that we are "on the eve of the most brilliant social season since the war." It is probably about as true as it was last year, or the year before that.

What is true, though, is that all those people who reap a rich harvest out of the aspirations and vanities of a host of social climbers are at the peak of *their* "season," and a very lucrative one it is for *them*, too.

Their richest field for exploitation is, of course, that wealthy class who aspire, with the slenderest chances of success, to obtain for their daughters presentation at their Majesties' Courts.

For these functions, the Lord Chamberlain and his staff at St. James's Palace have for weeks past been working at the highest pressure.

Money no object

Thousands of applications from titled and notable people who seek to present their own, or other people's, daughters to their Majesties, have been dealt with, and fourteen hundred and fifty commands from the Lord Chamberlain were more than a month ago sent to those applicants who have been accepted for the first two Courts, to be held next week.

How difficult and delicate is the Lord Chamberlain's task may be judged from the fact that the applications which have been rejected more than outnumber the whole list of those who will be presented at next month's remaining two Courts.

Many of the most eager applicants for presentation on these royal occasions are the daughters of parents whose wealth is the only stepping-stone by which their daughters can enter the social round, and, as they hope, secure presentation at Court.

To such parents money to attain this end is, of course, no object at all.

There are numerous social parasites who know this—who know the debutante "game" throughout and have found that money—and big money, too—is to be made from a careful manipulation of the various phases of the "game."

They are well aware that there are many British and American families who are willing to spend thousands of pounds in the hope of getting their daughters into the "highest social circles" and even to Court.

These social wire-pullers, who mostly style themselves "chaperones," know, too, that countless Colonials who have made their pile in the far-flung corners of the Empire return to London for the season with the same end in view—to "get into Society."

We do not for a moment suggest that all those who play the part of the Society chaperone do so for commercial ends. But there are a lot who do, and, what is more, have not always the qualifications for carrying out the undertakings they give.

Some of the chaperones openly advertise for "clients," and among them are peeresses and other women of title.

Their announcements are generally worded to the effect that a titled lady, well known in Society, offers to chaperone an English or American debutante for the coming season and that only those with best credentials should apply.

A hard-headed North of England manufacturer, who, once an errand-boy, worked his way up in the world till he became the head of a great factory and amassed a fortune, had an advertisement of this kind brought to his notice by an ambitious friend of the family who, for more than a year, had urged him to let his only daughter go "into Society."

The result was that the manufacturer answered the advertisement, giving details of his daughter's age, appearance, education and aspirations. He also asked for an appointment.

The titled woman, when she received his letter, acted very quickly.

The "launching" of debutantes to her was a very profitable business, and her first step was to investigate the writer's credentials and to discover what his bank balance was likely to stand at.

Like most of the people engaged in the debutante trade she had her own sources of information, and within twenty-four hours she was in possession of all the details she required to convince her that the North Country manufacturer was suitable—for her purpose—in every way.

So she made the appointment, and, on the stipulated day, he met her at a well-known West End club.

At this interview the chaperone looked everything she pretended to be. She was exquisitely gowned. She spoke apparently with intimate knowledge of many famous people. Of Court etiquette and routine she seemed to know everything that was to be known.

Her client was genuinely impressed, particularly when she confided to him that she had been "behind" the "coaching and bringing out" of some of the most beautiful and successful debutantes since 1928.

She carefully concealed the fact that her social prominence lay entirely in the fact that she was the divorced wife of an impecunious peer who was driven to bankruptcy a few years ago through her extravagance.

At a second interview with the manufacturer she came down to the financial side of the business.

Tempting the lions

She could, she said, introduce his daughter to "all the best people in Society." For at least three months she would take her "round town." The daughter would go to exclusive parties and dances. And, if she proved to be an adaptable pupil, would eventually make her curtsy at Court.

Of course, the expense would be considerable. Chaperoning a debutante was a really costly job. In order to receive invitations for important social functions she would naturally have to give parties herself on a lavish scale if notable people were to be induced to attend them.

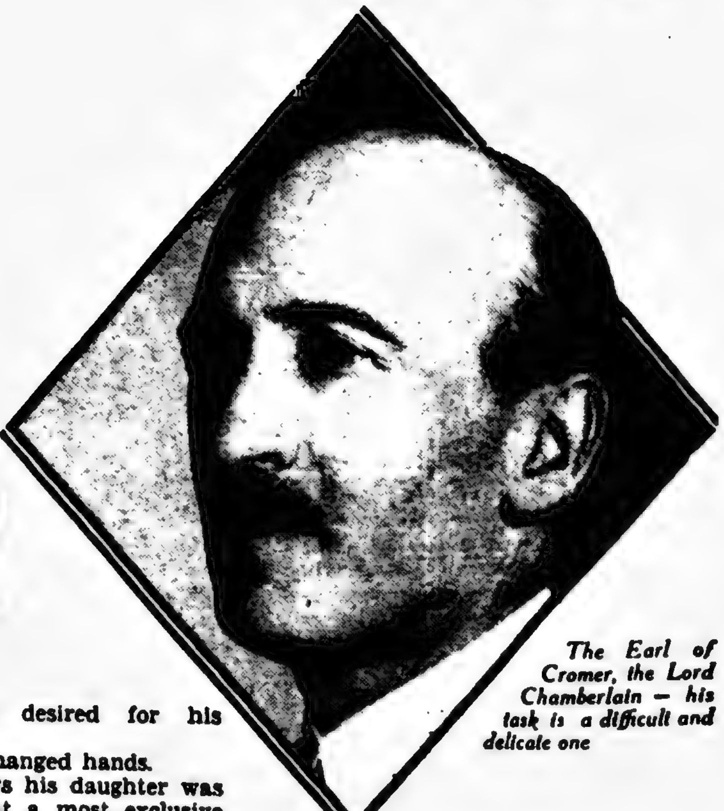
"So my fee," she announced, at the end of the interview, "will be seventeen hundred pounds. . . ."

The manufacturer agreed to the bargain, with visions of his accomplished young daughter being "brought out" for the Season and taught by this expert all a debutante should know—how to dress, talk, curtsy, and so on. He unhesitatingly agreed to pay the sum asked for.

Before they parted he signed a brief agreement, which was hurriedly scrawled by the titled chaperone, embodying the various points they had discussed concerning his daughter's "coming out."

He paid over his cheque, and his daughter joined the woman at her flat in Knightsbridge, London. For a week

PRESENTED AT COURT —perhaps!



The Earl of Cromer, the Lord Chamberlain — his task is a difficult and delicate one

or two she enjoyed herself thoroughly, being introduced to a whirl of gaiety and to countless people who seemed to be what the chaperone said they were, leaders of Society.

Then the chaperone thought it was desirable that the girl should be established in her own Town house, with suitable servants and furniture, and wrote to the father to that effect.

Under the force of her convincing arguments he finally agreed, and a fashionably furnished house was taken for his daughter near Hyde Park Corner and several servants employed.

Father pays—again!

Meantime, the unsuspecting manufacturer had parted with another cheque for several hundreds of pounds.

So the merry little game progressed. For the man who was paying for it had only just begun!

Once ensconced in the newly acquired house the chaperone arranged a number of dinners and dances, sent out most elaborately produced invitations, took the manufacturer's daughter to Court dressmakers and ordered for her the most exquisite gowns, and obtained a teacher of dancing from a leading academy to give her lessons.

Then once more the chaperone raided the father's purse, and when he demurred a little, she mildly rebuked him. Clothes, manners, and atmosphere of affluence—it couldn't be done without money.

So the father fell again.

A little later the chaperone ordered a luxurious six-seater car for her charge. It was now absolutely essential, she said, for the girl to be driven about in her own car; and, besides, it would help so much in the task of getting her really "established."

The manufacturer wrote out a cheque for the car and another for the chaperone's "extra expenses."

Then he began to think things over. Months were passing. True his daughter was being given a good time in the "Smart Set," but when was she going to be presented at Court—and by whom?

To-day he is a sadder but much wiser man.

He lost £5,000

His daughter has not been presented at Court.

Nor is there the slightest likelihood that she ever will be—certainly so far as this particular hostess is concerned.

So the would-be debutante's "Season" petered out quite uneventfully, and her father found himself poorer by nearly five thousand pounds.

He has yet to learn that not only did the titled woman pocket the major part of his money for her own personal use, but also made heavy and secret commissions over most of his daughter's purchases.

The gown shops, the hairdressing salons and the fashionable restaurants all had a private arrangement with her that they would pay her a percentage on all money spent with them.

Another disillusioned father of a would-be debutante is a rich American confectioner who came to London last year with his family and was introduced to a "Society chaperone" by a stranger he met casually in the lounge of his hotel.

The stranger was a man who stays regularly at fashionable hotels, frequented during the Season by provincial and overseas visitors, for the sole purpose of finding possible "clients" for the professional chaperones.

The American jumped at the idea that his daughter should be entertained in social circles, and in due course he dined with the titled woman whose accomplishments and connections the go-between had lauded so much.

Within a week of his first meeting with the chaperone, during which time his confidence had been won, he had handed over a banker's draft for £1,500.

The nobility his daughter was introduced to was of a somewhat "come-down" class, and the American began to complain after a week or two that the functions attended were much too ordinary.

The chaperone had her answer ready. If he cared to pay more she would arrange what he desired for his daughter.

A further draft changed hands.

Within a few days his daughter was being entertained at a most exclusive house. She did not know she had only gained admission on a blank ticket which had been obtained for her chaperone by a servant of the hostess.

As time went on still more money was wheedled from the American. But the "agreement" between the chaperone and himself ended very suddenly when he discovered that his daughter had been taken to a number of "rigged" events of alleged social importance. In other words, his daughter had been fêted at fake functions.

Dubious celebrities

This is what happened. The chaperone got in touch with a number of impecunious people of title and agreed to pay them small fees in return for their patronage at a certain party—though the American was told that the event was of such an exclusive character that invitations for it were almost impossible to obtain.

Actually the people of "high standing" his daughter met at one party of this kind included two bankrupt peers, four divorced titled women, and several "young men about town" with very dubious records. The American was so angry when he discovered how cleverly he had been duped that he complained to Scotland Yard. But the only criminal offence the experts there could see concerned the "rigged" parties, and even then they pointed out that evidence necessary to obtain a conviction would be most difficult to obtain.

Moreover, the American, after consulting a lawyer, realised that publicity would necessarily reveal what a fool he had been, and no action was taken against the chaperone.

Some of the chaperones of her kind keep under their wing a number of good-looking and well-educated young titled men who have inherited or are heirs to estates which have been rendered bankrupt by death duties and heavy taxation.

There is a private arrangement between the chaperones and these impoverished noblemen under which they are invited to parties to meet would-be debutantes on the understanding that they escort them about and introduce them to their friends.

Often, by a pre-arranged plan, when the question of fees and expenses are under discussion, one of these young men arrives as if by chance at a meeting between the would-be debutante, her father and the chaperone. The latter introduces the visitor as Lord So-and-So, and the father is usually sufficiently impressed to sign a cheque on the spot.

Hired beauties

Sometimes the bargain between these impecunious young-men-about-town and the professional chaperone goes even farther. It may aim at a marriage between themselves and the girl concerned.

One chaperone openly boasts that she has married three "titled boy friends" to daughters whose parents she had herself previously battened upon.

Sometimes even one finds a notorious adventurer behind the scenes in this remarkable trade.

There is one man—he figured recently in a sensational law case—whose operations have during the past few months been vigilantly watched by officers acting under the direction of Chief Constable Horwell of Scotland Yard. He has swindled many would-be debutantes through the medium of beautiful women hirelings, and it is more than likely that he will soon be arrested on certain grave charges.

As we have shown, the path of the would-be debutante may be a dazzling one. But it can be a very expensive one, too. It certainly is when socially ambitious people fall into the hands of some of the professional chaperones.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

MISJUDGMENT

ONE of the saddest things about our dealings with one another is that we make so many mistakes through being too ready to judge by appearances. We make up our minds about people's character and motives on insufficient grounds.

This works two ways. It induces us to accept the plausible rogue at his face value, and to treat harshly the person who means well but against whom we have conceived a prejudice.

Long ago, during my London ministry, I very nearly made what might have been a tragical error in my treatment of a man who has since become a fast friend.

He came to tell me the story of his downfall from a position of trust, but was so rude in his opening remarks that I was tempted to show him the door. I did not know then—how could I?—that he had come to me smarting under a sense of injustice and almost feeling that all the world was down on him.

Happily I did not reply in the same spirit or I should have lost an opportunity that I have ever since looked back upon with thankfulness. He was a good sort with a rough manner, and when I found this out it taught me a lesson, namely, never to make up my mind about anybody on slender acquaintance.

Canon Raven, one of the most distinguished men in the Church of England, tells in a broadcast address of a similar revelation which came during the war.

He says: "I shall never forget how one Sunday in rest-billets in France, on my way to a church service, I passed a man whose brutal speech and animal passions had scared and repelled me. He was sitting outside his billet surrounded by tiny French children with one of them climbing on to his shoulder. His face was transfigured."

Dr. Raven is too wise a man to jump to the hasty conclusion that this unprepossessing lover of children was a good fellow right through. He knows better; but he knows also that the good in him was stronger than the bad, and that if he had continued to think of him as only a foul-mouthed ruffian he would have been wrong.

This should teach us patience, too, with our detractors. Is it not astonishing to note how fervently one person will love us and another hate us? The reason is that they are respectively judging by just the one facet of our personality that we turn towards each of them.

Neither knows us thoroughly, nor can see into the depths of our heart; but, on the whole, the person who thinks well of us is the nearer to the truth, though our realisation of it should make us humble rather than vain.

For the truth is that most of us mean better than we achieve.

> Why should we vex our foolish minds
>   So much from day to day
> With what an idle world concerning us
>   May think or say?
>
> Let others please to think of me
>   Or say whate'er they will;
> Such as I am before God's judgment seat,
>   That am I still.
>
> Praise they my good beyond desert,
>   And all my bad ignore?
> That am I which in heaven's pure light I am,
>   No less, no more.

"Thank God for your enemies," W. T. Stead used to say, "for they see something in you that needs correcting, even if they fail to see anything else."

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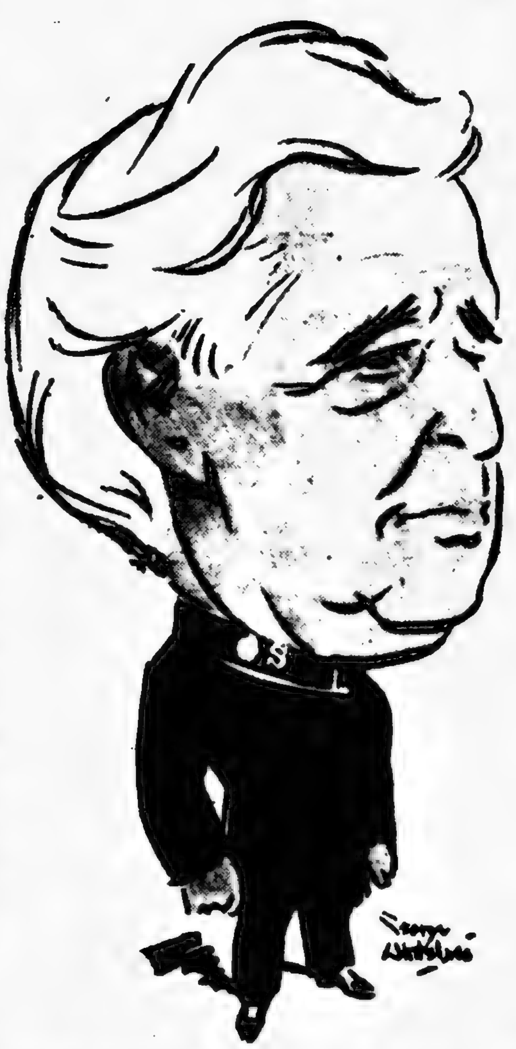
Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to General Higgins

You Saw "The Army" Through!



DEAR GENERAL, — So the doctors have told you to retire. You have been the third General of the Salvation Army for over five years.

Now, nearly having reached the "allotted span," you have decided to dig your garden, read books—you regret that you are too old to play cricket—and generally to end your days in peace.

Well, this will always be recorded of you in Salvation Army history—that you guided the Army through the greatest crisis of its history, the period in which personal antagonisms reached their highest. You broke down a family ownership in the Army and broadened all the means by which it is governed.

They are talking of another Booth to take your place. That, in spite of the brilliant powers of Eva Booth, the head of the Salvation Army in America, would of course be unwise as, even in spite of her—and she dissociated herself from all the old-fashioned dynastic ideas inherent in the Booth tradition—there might be the same old trouble all over again.

* * *

Although I, as all my readers know, do not see eye to eye with the Salvation Army on some of the things on which it is based, I applaud with wholeheartedness the truly Christian attitude with which it has gone out to battle with the evil conditions that dehumanise our planet.

It is the world's stretcher-bearer in a conflict in which non-combatants have to suffer.

More than anything, though, I applaud your wholehearted denunciation of war in all its forms. The heads of other religious organisations have been, most of them, timorous, yes, worldly.

You came out boldly, a few weeks ago, as the head of nearly 2,000,000 Salvationists, and said, "War is immoral, anti-Christian and dehumanising. The Church of Christ can never be anything but antagonistic to war or preparations for war."

The Salvation Army has, of all things, been an international organisation. How can it favour war when, with strife in the East, it includes both Japanese and Chinese among its members. How can it support any strife between, say, Germany and France, when both Frenchmen and Germans are in its ranks—yes, by the thousand.

The Jesus whom you seek to follow was of all things a Pacifist. Never mind what militant Christians may say. They turn to the Old Testament. You point to the New.

You have not only the moral strength to stand up against all the specious arguments of the worldly wise, and all the Might. You possess, as a business man, which you are of all things, the knowledge to realise that, to quote your own words, "If there must be a next war, the world must reconcile itself to a return of conditions compared with which the barbarisms of mediæval times were decent and tolerable."

Your reign, as Army chief, has put the Salvation Army in a position that it never occupied before in relation to the other Churches.

The lunch they gave you two years ago at the Fishmongers Hall, when I was privileged to be present, was one of the most remarkable gatherings the City of London has ever seen. Even the Chief Rabbi was present—yes, the leader of the Jewish community paid tribute to a great social reformer with whose religious convictions he had nothing in common.

* * *

I sat near the Bishop of London, the head of the B.B.C., the Film Censor, the Astronomer-Royal, Reginald McKenna, the great banker, Sir Josiah Stamp, the railway king, and Sir Robert Gower, the head of the R.S.P.C.A. All classes were represented.

Never before had the Army realised the great respect in which it was held by scores of people with whom, so far as it knew, it had nothing in common.

"Certainly," said the Lord Mayor, immediately that he was asked to attend.

"Yes, we will broadcast the General's speech," said the B.B.C.

The Prince of Wales, but for an important engagement, would have been present. There were no refusals. Yet, only three years before then, the newspapers had been full of stories about the secret conference at Sunbury Court, where the heads of the Army were for days and days engaged in a dispute which, at times, became very bitter.

Now few men could have done what you proved, that day, had been done by you. The trouble was all forgotten. In two years, you had put the Army in a position it had never before occupied.

In the days of William Booth, the tributes paid were personal compliments to him. His dominating personality, his Mosaic beard, his dominant nose—why, they almost terrified people!

* * *

You, after three years of supreme command, had made it, not a tribute to a man, but a tribute to a great organisation which spread right across the world.

Things, for that reason, will be much easier for the man or woman who comes after you.

The first General was a genius. The second was very deeply respected. You have been a statesman

Personally, I have no fears for the Army's future. Good work has to go on. Good work always goes on.

There are forces behind idealistic endeavour of which the unthinking world is seldom conscious. People call them by all sorts of names. Some dogmatise about them. But they draw from an infinite source of goodness inspiration which, when they serve the highest that they know, never lets them down.

Your Army is great because it is international, because it has broken down the narrow confines of race, because, to it, colour has no meaning, and social position is a thing it does not count.

To-day the world is in need of all such movements. They fight war. They wage eternally a combat with poverty. In the end, they will all unite in one common purpose.

Then all the children of God will dwell together in unity.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

t. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN,
l, Downing Street

DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—We all know that e gravest and most rapidly increasing enace to health is the terrible disease f cancer.

While I applaud the efforts of the ritish Empire Cancer Campaign and e Cancer Research Fund, they should urely be the concern not only of the eople who contribute to their appeals ut to the whole community.

You are the Minister responsible for edical research. See that your Medical esearch Council has the finances to do ore, and that the attack on this deadly courge need not depend on charitable mpulse.

JOHN BULL.

r. S. E. CROSSE,
mouth

DEAR SIR,—Defending a careless motor yclist, you said that all pedestrians hould be compelled to wear rear-lights t night—compelled to become perambulating Christmas-trees, so to speak.

As a jest your remark would be feeble nough: as a serious suggestion it's orse.

Think again—and think hard.

JOHN BULL.

ORD LYMINGTON,
ean's Yard, S.W.1

MY LORD,—You talk of a "Baiting ritain" movement in other countries, nd very loyally, you deplore it, adding hat these countries know our defence o be inadequate for our trade routes nd our own shores.

But remember there is a vast difference in baiting Britain and *beating* ritain, and we'll hold our own as we ave always done.

The baiting is an indirect compliment to this country and can be regarded by us with equanimity.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. THOMAS W. DYMOND,
Edmonton

DEAR THOMAS,—Only you will wonder why Edmonton Council won't let you erect a memorial to yourself in the cemetery with this inscription: "Of sweet disposition and loved by all."

It may be true, but wait until the final date is put on the memorial and let someone else "blow your trumpet."

JOHN BULL.

OSCAR WRIGHT, Sheffield: Rushed out and struck footballer because you thought his play weak—£4 fine. Give up going to football matches—they're for sportsmen.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY,
Leader of the Opposition

DEAR GEORGE,—It's fine news that you are getting on your feet again. Your illness has been long and irksome, but the courage with which you have borne it has increased the admiration which the public has long felt for you.

As Lord Snowden writes on another page, you have a warm place in the hearts of your fellow-countrymen.

We shall all be pleased to see you back —friends and political enemies alike.

JOHN BULL.

P.C. THORNES,
Bradford Police

DEAR CONSTABLE,—Film actors with all the tricks of Hollywood to help them never did anything like your performance in the centre of Bradford.

Leaping to the reins of a horse that had brushed a car aside like a cardboard box, you were dragged before the thundering dray wheels for a hundred yards before bringing it to a halt.

And I suppose you call it all in a day's work.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LIONEL COHEN, K.C.,
London, W.C.2

DEAR SIR,—"A sad prophecy," you remarked when Mr. Justice Farwell said the Long Vacation might only extend to eight weeks.

Sad for whom? Surely not for anxious litigants and others who chafe at the law's monstrous delays?

JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER LAWRENCE,
Hyde Hall, Herts

DEAR SIR WALTER,—That's a refreshing idea of yours to brighten cricket.

You offer a hundred-guinea prize to the batsman who knocks up the quickest century in this season's first-class matches.

If this results in a few glorious half-hours such as the old-time "slashers" provided, may I be there every time!

JOHN BULL.

ROBERT FEREDAY,
Birmingham

ROGUE,—What a record you've got!—fifty-nine years of crime in a lifetime of seventy years, and all spent in robbing the poor!

No wonder the detective responsible for sending you to prison for a further spell could only speak of you with withering contempt.

You almost make me forget the undesirable points about a human lethal chamber.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. N. A. B. KING-HAMILTON,
The Cambridge Union

DEAR SIR,—Your proposal, at a Union debate, that "the power of women ought to be diminished" is best treated as a joke.

You say women are inferior to men both in intellect and temperament, that they are not sincere. Rash of you!

I don't wonder you were defeated by a majority of seventeen. I suppose there were eighteen members present?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. COX,
Notts Education Committee

DEAR MADAM,—To parents of schoolchildren who are suffering from malnutrition, circulars have been sent telling them how to correct improper feeding.

I agree with you that it is an insult to send such leaflets to people whose allowances have been out down to semi-starvation level.

As a piece of brutal cynicism, that will be hard to match.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.,
Kensington, London, W.

DEAR MEGAN,—I welcome your assurance that you will support any Government which "pursues an enlightened and progressive policy." For you suggest, in effect, a Liberal-Labour pact.

The Liberal Party has for long been walking, not forwards, but sideways; I hope your words will persuade it to play a more worthy part in the national life.

If it goes on haggling much longer there won't be anything left for it to haggle about.

JOHN BULL.

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OPEN LETTER TO EMPLOYERS

Fortune knocks once at every man's door.

The days of prosperity are returning. With increased prosperity you will have increased responsibilities, but your anxieties will be considerably reduced if your staff can give you efficient service.

If you have to watch every item you cannot give your mind to development, but if you can trust your staff with responsible work, your mind will be free to attend to the larger issues of business affairs.

If you employ men who have been trained by The Bennett College, you can have absolute confidence that your work will be carried out in the most efficient manner.

When a man has been trained by The Bennett College, he is an expert in his work; your books, your correspondence, need not cost you a second thought.

If you employ, for instance, a draughtsman or cost accountant trained by The Bennett College, you have no rule-of-thumb method, you have mathematical exactitude, which means a big saving.

When an artisan or craftsman is trained by us, that is sufficient proof that he has an intelligent interest in his work.

Intelligent interest put into any job makes a wonderful difference.

The man who studies his job is not as a rule a trouble maker.

An efficient staff is like a high quality set of tools.

If you are a successful employer, there is no need for us to tell you what that means.

J H Bennett

The RAID on the HOUSEWIFE

For her the cost of living is the most ceaseless preoccupation of life

by A. G. Gardiner

IF I were concerned to advise the Government, I should do so in six words—"Keep your eye on the women." Or, what amounts to the same thing, "Keep your eye on the larder." Women are now the dominant element of the electorate, and their acid test of government is the state of the larder.

It is not a bad test, either. There are other tests, of course. Personal liberty, for example. But, as a rough axiom, it may be said that a people that is well and cheaply fed is well and wisely governed.

For the vast majority of women the cost of living is the most ceaseless preoccupation of life, and the government that puts up the cost of living is a government that will be unpopular with the women on polling day.

And the plain fact is that the present Government is heading straight for a reign of high prices. Your food is going to cost you more. It is going to cost you more, not merely by the accident of circumstances beyond our control.

Food too cheap!

It is going to cost you more as the result of deliberate policy.

There is no concealment about this policy. It has been openly and frankly declared, not only by Mr. Walter Elliot, but also by the Prime Minister. Food is too cheap. It must be made more dear.

"In the national interest, and in the interests of every consumer," said Mr. MacDonald at Kilmarnock, "it is wise to release economic forces that will scientifically and gently push up the level of prices."

How this "scientific and gentle" process is to be put into action is illustrated by the case of bacon. That case gives a working model of the policy of making things dear. It may be "scientific," but no housewife in the country would admit that it is "gentle."

If you look at your grocery book and compare the price of bacon now with the price a year or eighteen months ago, you will agree that "gentle" is not the word that describes what has taken place. The rise has been so steep that the morning rasher has been banished from the breakfast-table of tens of thousands of homes.

This has not come about by natural causes, or by any calamity in the pig world. It has come about as a part of a scheme which, by making food artificially scarce, is to make it dear. The scheme reduces foreign supplies by "quota," and controls home production and fixes prices through a board composed of the home producer.

Insane transaction

What is the result? We are importing 40 per cent. less bacon than last year, and the price of the imported article has risen from 52s. to 90s. a hundredweight. That is to say, we are importing less bacon by 40 per cent. and paying more money for it than we paid for the larger quantity. In January last year, for example, we paid £2,150,000 for the bacon we imported; last January we imported considerably less and paid £210,000 more.

Thus, in one month the Danish farmer is presented with £210,000 for sending us not more, but less bacon.

And the British consumer has either to pay the increased price or forgo his morning rasher, and the British taxpayer has to bear the burden of the insane transaction.

This is typical of what is happening all round. Supplies from overseas are being cut down by quota, home supplies are being controlled and restricted, and prices are being fixed in defiance of world prices.

Boards of control are springing up like asparagus in May. There is a Hops Board, a Pig Board, a Potato Board, an Eggs Reorganisation Commission, and so on. Soon there will be no commodity which is not under Food Control.

And the whole purpose of that control is to raise prices by cutting off supplies. It is not even enough to "quota" imports. Home produce must be restricted, too, in order to raise the price level.

Hops is a case in point. By means of restricting production the price of hops has been raised from £8 5s., at which it is admitted it can be grown profitably, to £15, which makes a Kentish hop-garden to-day as remunerative as a gold mine.

And this week Parliament is being asked to give these lucky hop-growers a monopoly by forbidding, not the foreigner only, but their neighbour next door to compete with them.

In short, a revolution is being rushed through before our eyes to enrich the producer by restricting supplies and fixing prices.

If quotas won't do it, then subsidies are ladled out from the taxpayers' purse. There are subsidies for wheat and subsidies for oats. We have spent £40,000,000 in subsidising beet sugar, the result of which is to raise prices and further impoverish the shipping trade by cutting down the transport of cheap sugar from abroad.

Just make-believe

In this policy of raising prices and subsidising the home producer, one interest only is ignored. It is that of the consumer. He is left helpless to the exploitation of the producing interests, with all the backing of the Government and Mr. Elliot behind them.

True, a Consumers' Committee was set up under the Marketing Act of 1931, but this body has no powers, and is a piece of window-dressing and make-believe. It is merely the old Food Council under another name, and the futility of that body is notorious.

It has, it is true, done one good thing. It has told the public of its impotence and has complained that in the schemes of the Minister of Agriculture the interests of the consumer are ignored.

The Government busies itself with controlling production, restricting imports, devising means of assisting the producer. But it takes no steps to prevent the increased toll levied at point after point of the passage of the commodity from the producer to the consumer.

Milk, for example, for which the producer gets 1s. 1d. per gallon, is retailed to the consumer for 2s. 4d.

Women will rebel

It is now announced that a new Council representing 100,000 retail and wholesale grocers, butchers, food manufacturers, etc., is to be formed to act in conjunction with the Marketing Board. It is to recommend price limits and keep a watch on the producing interests against those of the trader and the consumer.

It is another piece of window-dressing, for how can a body of retail and wholesale traders be expected to act as the watch-dog of the consumer?

It is only Parliament who can be the guardian of the housewife's larder. It is idle to set up committees of grocers to keep down prices when the whole purpose of Government policy is to raise prices.

What is needed is that Parliament should call a peremptory halt to the scheme for creating scarcity and making food dear and nasty.

If Parliament does not do this, one thing is certain. The women of the country, who know where the shoe pinches and who have a powerful weapon in their hand, will rebel and make short work of the Dear Food Government at the polls.

BROWNSHIRT BRUTALITY

The British reading public has been stirred to its depths by one of the most vivid accounts ever penned of the Nazi outrages in Germany. It is contained in I. A. R. Wylie's intensely interesting narrative, "To the Vanquished," now appearing serially in *Clarion*.

This brilliant story is a faithful and starkly realistic reconstruction of the fearful background against which thousands of innocent German families are living their broken and wretched lives.

In the issue of *Clarion* out to-morrow, Friday, May 11, there is a long and exciting instalment describing the fierce attack of the Nazi horde upon a heroic handful of men trapped in the Rathaus. Don't miss it. Order *Clarion* at once.

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Thomas Beecham on

Mayfair Manners

HERE'S to you, good Sir Thomas,
I've become a Beecham fan;
You're not only a musician,
But a first-class fighting man!
Now you've silenced those who rattle
Music-lovers with their prattle,
There are other blighters that'll,
Let us hope, incur your ban.

There's the loathsome late arrival
Who treads firmly on your feet;
And the girls who scream in whispers
"Isn't he (or she) *too* sweet!"
Into Hades I would pop 'em!
And those females—can't you stop 'em?—
Who suck chocolates and drop 'em
Underneath a neighbour's seat!

Then the pest at play or pictures
Who's familiar with the plot,
And quite audibly foretells it,
Should be murdered, and a lot
Of hysterical young misses
Who deserve our hearty hisses
When they giggle at stage kisses—
Can't you put *them* "on the spot"?

I should most certainly like to put "on the spot" all the aforementioned nuisances, together with all people who go to shows to show off and who think that places of public amusement are intended for private conversation.

Meanwhile, after having tried for years, without conspicuous success, to popularise high-class music, I suddenly find myself almost as popular as the family pills.

Why have I, a mere musician, been thus elevated almost to the level of Don Bradman? Not, strange to say, by urging the Covent Garden orchestra to "Play up," but by telling the audience to "Shut up!"

At the time I was too angry to emulate the refinement of Mr. George Robey, O.B.E., by requesting them to "Desist"; so I addressed them in the sort of language I thought they would understand.

And, judging by the bouquets that have been showered on me in the Press and through the post, thousands of people who go not only to the Opera, but to theatres and kinemas, to see and hear, have for long been yearning for someone to attack those who go only to be seen and heard.

When one is conducting a famous overture, to have one's attention distracted by the gabble of bejewelled and boiled-shirted savages is a nasty pill even for a Beecham to swallow, and, rather than submit, I was willing to risk a charge of *lèse-majesté*.

In Mayfair at present, I am told, I am regarded as a Bolshevik and a cad who would not hesitate to say "Boo" to a duchess or fail to salute the old school tie.

I am satisfied, however, that my action was justified, as unless something is done the manners of Mayfair might spread to Balham, Tooting and other relatively civilised parts.

Meanwhile, I think I can survive the censure of Belgravia and protests like this one from Lady Clara Vere de Vere:

This Thomas Beecham, who is he
To seek to make a vulgar fuss?
For where would Covent Garden be,
I ask, without the likes of us?
How dare the fellow thus upbraid
His betters? Oh, the things he said!
His fam'ly was, I'm told, in trade;
In future I will cut him dead!

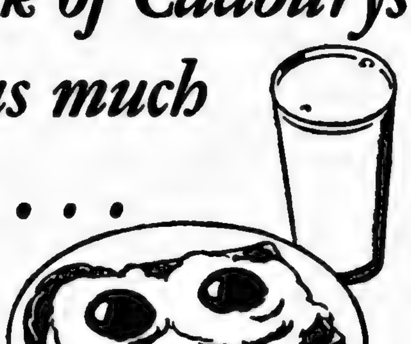
Whoever to the Op'ra goes
To hear the music? After all,
The lower orders, I suppose!
But when one buys a box or stall,
This Beecham person has no right
One's pleasure to attempt to baulk,
And with his orchestra each night
Most rudely try to drown our talk!

When the next meal is miles away . . .

When it's a long-distance motor-coach . . .

When cycling becomes hard work . . .

Buy a ¼ lb. block of Cadburys Milk and get as much nourishment as . . .



A GLASS OF MILK

AND TWO POACHED EGGS

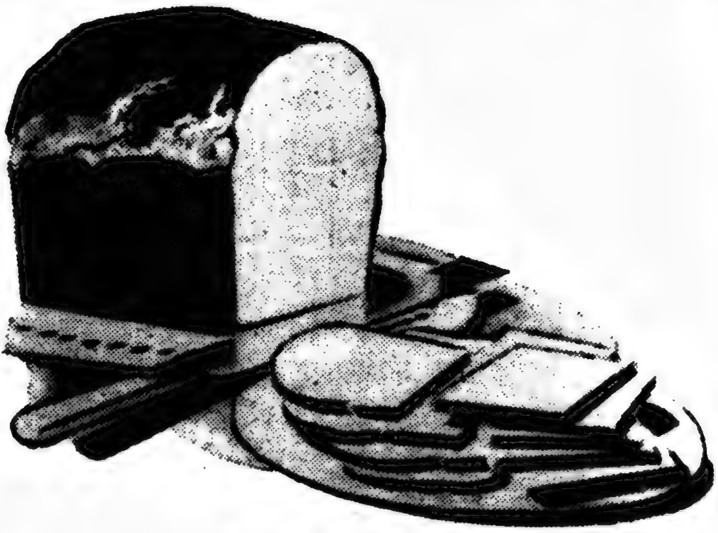
ON ONE LARGE SLICE OF BUTTERED TOAST

and a comfortable feeling of satisfaction. That satisfaction is *real* satisfaction. Laboratory analyses show that the energy-giving power of a quarter of a pound of this chocolate is equal to that of a glass of milk and two poached eggs on one large slice of buttered toast.

CADBURYS

MILK CHOCOLATE ¼ lb. 4^D

a very nourishing food



You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times—particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal—and *much cheaper.* It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

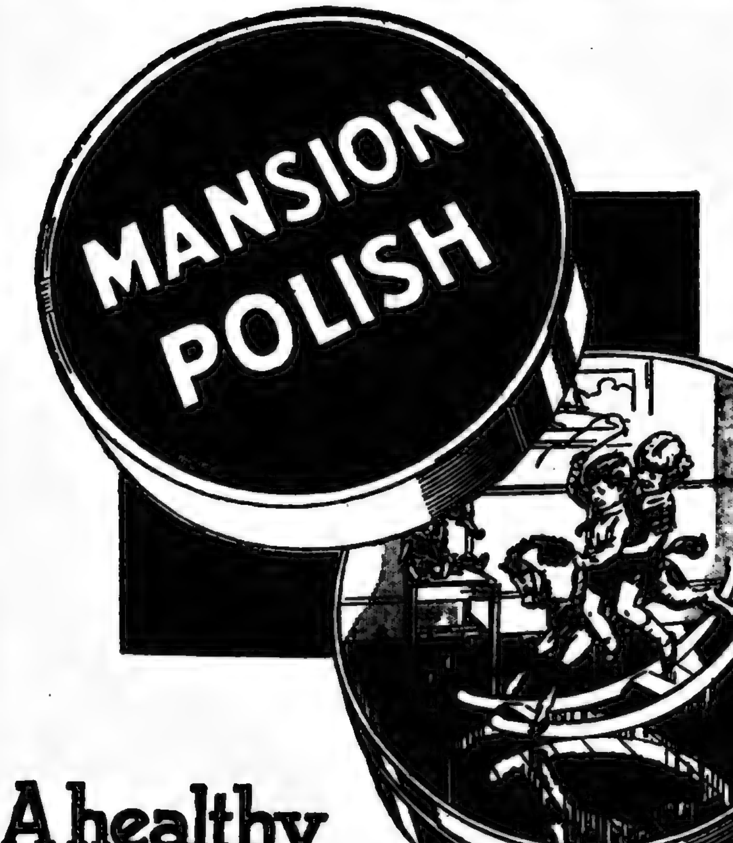
Eat an *extra* slice of

bread

at every meal

ISSUED BY THE MILLERS MUTUAL ASSOCIATION

C.F.H. 103



A healthy and polished home in every tin

"Mansion," the brilliant polish for Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum, is also a valuable cleansing agent. It quickly removes all dirt, and its antiseptic properties destroy any harmful dust germs. Use "Mansion," the Antiseptic Polish that ensures a healthy and polished home.

FOR DARK WOODS USE DARK MANSION.

In Tins 3d. and 6d. and larger sizes.

MP 33/3

Textile House, the former home of R.M.C. Textiles

Weekly Informations from

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

HUGE Company Crash SENSATION

IN delving into the records and ramifications of public companies that have come to grief in questionable circumstances I have seen some very magnificent and costly brochures.

But I have never encountered anything so impressive as the one that is now before me.

It consists of thirty-four well-written pages, illustrated by delightfully appropriate pictures. Every word has been chosen to strike an important and emphatic note in the story it tells—"The Story of the R.M.C. Textiles." Few people who have read it could fail to be impressed.

The publication was issued by a company called the R.M.C. Textiles (1928), Ltd.—which is short for "Royal Manufacturing Co., Ltd."—and contains the story of a programme that from the start has clearly been ambitious, patriotic and magnificent.

Lofty aim

Nothing was ever too big for the company to accomplish, though its main purpose was to revolutionise the clothing industry and dominate the markets of the world.

Before it became a public company, in 1928, as its title suggests, it was just a private concern operating from the North. But after "seventeen years of close practical study of the industry," in all its phases, the R.M.C. chairman, Mr. John Maurice Waterhouse, decided in that year "upon an enormous effort at rationalisation."

He envisioned a mammoth, eight-storied headquarters in Golden Square, London, where generous administrative and distributive accommodation was to be provided, with an "Intelligence Corps" in all parts of the universe.

Distribution, warehousing, transportation, production would be on a scale never before attempted, and there would be "a network" of overseas branches with headquarters in Berlin, New York and Paris.

The last-named, for instance, would control the company's representation in Bordeaux, Lyons, Lille, Marseilles and Strasbourg, while similar agencies in Berlin, Brussels, Copenhagen, Vienna, Turin and elsewhere would likewise cover other extensive areas of Continental trade.

The R.M.C. Textiles (1928), Ltd., among a whole host of other possessions, owned factories which were magnificently equipped with machinery of the most scientific kind, and, moreover, were situated within reach of every "Home" textile centre, being on the main L.M.S. Railway line between London and the leading Scottish business centres. . . .

So the romantic story progressed; and, with the aid of all these things, and "its far-flung organisation which covers the world," Textile House, Golden Square, London, W., was destined to become the "Home of the Textile Trade."

Well, what has happened? Where have all his amazing ideas and ambitions landed Mr. Waterhouse to-day?

What has happened to the permanent London headquarters which were to mark an epoch in the world's commercial history?

Where are the branches in Paris and Berlin and New York; or, a little nearer home, the modernised warehouses and factories?

I am not the only person interested in questions of this kind. Hundreds of people, who believed the contents of the impressive brochure—and prospectuses, which were equally alluring in tone—are much more interested than I.

For they were induced to invest in a scheme which they believed to be a safe and sound proposition.

Grandiose

The first prospectus issued by the R.M.C. Textiles (1928), Ltd., appealed to the public for £150,000. This document definitely stated that the small private concern previously run by Mr. Waterhouse, which was being merged in the £150,000 venture, had made a profit of nearly £60,000 in the past three years on a paid-up capital of only £17,000.

Under the new "Rationalisation" programme it was clearly suggested that, on the new capital of £150,000, at least £600,000 a year would be turned over immediately.

It is not surprising, when one considers the grandiose fashion in which this venture made its public appeal, that people readily subscribed for shares.

Unfortunately, the first year's trading results were much lower than had been so optimistically estimated; but the payment of a small dividend solaced the investors, who were told that everything would be prosperous in the future as the company's programme was now getting into full swing.

As the result of the glowing prospects now advanced, a further £100,000 was applied for, the nominal capital of the concern having by this time been increased to £250,000.

This further £100,000 was rapidly raised and, indeed, many people were induced to purchase the shares at a premium!

Undaunted, but—

A further year passed, history repeated itself, and, though the concern did even worse than before, a smaller dividend was paid.

Mr. Waterhouse was still optimistic. What giant could "rationalise" the clothing industry, and seize all the markets of the world, without having to face a few unexpected setbacks?

Moreover, he now assured shareholders that orders were too numerous to cope with, and, from facts and figures which had been prepared for him by an expert, the coming year would see a turnover of more than £1,000,000.

So, still flying the flag of magnificence, the company increased its capital once more by a further £150,000 and—the payment of the smaller dividend to which I have referred providing additional encouragement—a fresh appeal was made to the public.

When Mr. Waterhouse had to meet again his shareholders he was a fallen giant indeed. His dreams had all vanished and his optimism had been dashed.

For during the preceding year—the year of such promise—writs had descended upon the company from creditors; the bank had foreclosed for unpaid overdrafts and debenture-holders were growing restive. Things grew so bad in the end that bailiffs were sitting in power at that great building in Golden Square, which the company's brochure had so grandiosely christened "The Home of the Fine Textile Trade."

Book debt

To-day Mr. Waterhouse, far from being the Napoleon of the clothing industry, is an undischarged bankrupt. His personal liabilities amount to £173,050, and the only assets he could "estimate" as being available towards the payment of his debts was a "book debt" he "thought" should realise £457.

Actually, it has now come to light that the alleged debtor disputed it altogether and lodged a claim against Waterhouse for nearly £10,000.

There are many disquieting things that have come to light through the official investigation of his bankruptcy which call for the closest enquiry, and —in view of facts in my possession about some of his operations concerning the R.M.C. Company and some subsidiary concerns—I am not surprised that his discharge has just been suspended for three years.

Nor am I surprised to find that Mr. Registrar Mellor, who presided over Waterhouse's bankruptcy proceedings, considers that Waterhouse has "grossly abused his position" whilst acting as a director of one of these subsidiary companies, and been "guilty of serious misconduct in his dealings with R.M.C. Textiles, Ltd."

I think that a full enquiry should be pursued into the whole of the career of this last concern, which crashed with a total deficiency of over £600,000, of which £358,000 represents a dead loss to shareholders, who have nothing whatever to come back to them.

My reasons for demanding a full enquiry are, among others, as follows: The original profits, which looked so alluring in the first prospectus, were inaccurately shown and were absolutely misleading to those who were induced to invest.

Within a few months of the company's formation the whole of the company's cash resources—in other words, the money obtained by the original prospectus—had been swallowed up, and the whole of its undertakings, properties and assets were mortgaged under a debenture issued early in its career.

Large sums have been thrown away through unnecessary alterations at Textile House, and through over-production of goods, which in one year amounted to more than £100,000.

"Cut" prices

Shareholders have the right, also, to know what are the true circumstances concerning which a large block of shares in the parent company were sold to a subsidiary concern for £18,000, although their authorised value was £37,000.

Why was this done? And who profited by the deal?

Colossal quantities of goods belonging to the assets of the company have been sold at "cut" prices. Why?

These, and numerous other questions of burning interest, must be answered. The shareholders have the right to know the truth. The fact that many of the affairs of this disastrous concern have been grotesquely mismanaged cannot be disputed.

Are the disillusioned investors to wait indefinitely, while the months pass into years, before they are told the real reasons why this astounding company, which started with such a flourish of publicity and propaganda, has come to such a sudden and disquieting end?

A GREAT SOUVENIR

Is there a novel in this world better known than "Little Women"? So natural are the four girls created by Louisa May Alcott that to millions they are actual Little Women, not characters in fiction.

Now this story has been filmed, and filmed perfectly—a fact evidenced by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, who chose it as the best picture of the year, the highest tribute America can pay.

Such a great event deserves a great souvenir, and for all those film-lovers who, flocking to see the picture, will once again live and love the adventures of "Jo," the harum-scarum tomboy, and her three delightful sisters, the *Picturegoer*, has prepared a magnificent surprise.

Inside every copy of this week's *Picturegoer*—presented absolutely free to every reader—is a grand 16-page Art Souvenir Supplement of Radio Pictures' film "Little Women." It can be yours if you get your copy of the *Picturegoer* quickly —otherwise you may be too late.

"I dare no
experiment
compleci
SA
CAR
OMI
ONE OF THE 846 STARS
IN ENGLAND AND
HOLLYWOOD
WHO USE THIS SOAP

KATHLEEN KELLY
says, "Lux Toilet Soap leaves one's skin so softly smooth."

PEGGY EVANS
uses it regularly because "it keeps my skin just as I like it," she says.

PEARL OSGOOD
finds that Lux Toilet Soap "really does hold loveliness in the skin."

SHE SAYS:

"*It really does help my skin*"

It's her skin that matters to the film star. She knows it must be really lovely or she can have no charm — no success . . . Only absolute perfection — clear, youthful smoothness — will enable her to face the ordeal of the close-up . . . to win the admiration of the millions who will see that close-up.

It is with Lux Toilet Soap that Carole Lombard keeps her skin so flawless. Actually 846 of the 857 leading stars of England and Hollywood use this soap to keep their skin as they must have it — smooth — lovely.

"To have my complexion in perfect condition is so essential to my screen work that I dare not experiment with complexion care," says Carole Lombard. "For years now I've used Lux Toilet Soap regularly and found this really does help . . . keeping my skin soft, smooth, clear . . . actually younger-looking."

Official Beauty Soap in all Studios

Have and *hold* in your skin that smooth, clear youthfulness. Use Lux Toilet Soap *reg larly* — as the film stars use it. They have made it the *official* soap in all studios. A pure-white tablet — quick, rich lather — delicate perfume. Buy it from your grocer or dealer.

LUX TOILET SOAP • 3D. *a tablet*

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

TL 368-93

WE *Clip* a TIGER'S CLAWS

A Brazen Film King Unmasked

How a real film test is made ; director and technicians, musicians and make-up men in the Gaumont-British studio combine to give the would-be star a perfect try-out

A WIDESPREAD attempt to victimise people who may or may not possess film-acting talent, or good looks, is being made by the Tiger Film Trust, which recently began operations at Exchange Buildings, Stephenson Place, Birmingham.

No sooner was its office opened than advertisements, of which the following is a specimen, began to appear in local newspapers.

> "Lady required, well educated, write for interview.—Tiger Film Trust, Exchange Buildings, Stephenson Place Birmingham."

One of these announcements was answered by a young married woman, who called at the offices by appointment.

With befitting ceremony, she was ushered into the presence of the manager, who asked her if she could do shorthand and typewriting.

In the net

When she replied in the negative, the manager remarked that it was a pity, as he was in need of a "Continuity Girl," whose duties, he explained, consisted of altering the script in accordance with the instructions of the producer during the "shooting" of a film.

The caller was about to leave when the manager became thoughtful and asked if she would like to do film work. He then suggested that she should go to London for a film test.

A few days later, having thought things over, this young married woman called again and said that she would go to London for a test, if it was likely to prove profitable.

She was at once assured by the suave and smiling manager of the Tiger Film Trust that "good looks were not so important as a good voice," which seems a doubtful compliment.

It was explained to her that if the film voice test in London was successful she would be given a contract for film work, with five pounds a week for expenses whether working or not. In addition, she would receive a salary of three guineas a day while acting for the films.

This was for a six-hour day, and all extra work would be paid for at the rate of five shillings an hour.

The young woman rightly remarked that it sounded too good to be true; but the chief of the Tiger Film Trust assured her that "everything was fair and square" and that there was no catch in it.

Enough to say that this young woman was caught in this net and paid two pounds in advance for her film test and fare to London.

Another married woman had a similar experience. She paid £2 15s. for the film test in London, and the fee was received "with thanks."

A few days later she called at the Tiger Film Trust offices and was told that although the test in London had proved that her voice was suitable, the pronunciation was not so good.

She was saved

The manager then said that he had a surprise for her, and added that she was very lucky. He had arranged that "someone" would come down from London to give her lessons in elocution.

With his brightest and most disarming manner he casually explained that the lessons in elocution would cost her ten guineas, which would be returned in full if she was found unsuitable.

She was also told that twelve other girls were starting the same course in elocution.

Luckily, this young woman took the precaution of writing to JOHN BULL before paying the fee of ten guineas, and by so doing she has saved herself from disillusion and disappointment.

Investigations show that the man behind the scenes of the Tiger Film Trust, of Birmingham, is none other than the impudent John Loraine, whose previous escapades in Filmland have been dealt with in these columns.

It is not so long since he was seeking dûpes in the name of the "British and Colonial Film Co.," The Drive, Hove, Sussex.

Flattering them

Following our last exposure, John Loraine promptly bolted without paying the rent. He then reappeared shortly afterwards at Millers Buildings, Hampshire Terrace, Southsea, where he carried on his usual tricks of defrauding unsuspecting people who were flattered by his compliments and deceived by his flamboyant talk of generous contracts for acting in the films which he is always about to produce.

Recently he decided that his British and Colonial Film Company ramp was becoming rather notorious, so he once more folded his tent like an Arab, "and silently stole away."

With disillusioned dupes clamouring after him in other parts of the country, he calmly descended upon Birmingham and launched the "Tiger Film Trust."

In this connection it is interesting to note that the letter headings of the firm state that Tiger Trust, Ltd., are the proprietors of the Tiger Film Trust, producers of "Our Kids" films.

Loraine has taken the precaution of ensuring that his own name does not appear on the printed matter connected with the company.

Indeed, many callers at the Birmingham offices were unaware that the man they interviewed was John Loraine.

Inquiries show that the London address of the Tiger Trust, Ltd., is a solicitor's office in Premier House, Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.

Reference to the files at Somerset House shows that it was registered in 1925, and was formed to carry on "financial operations of all kinds."

Strangely enough, this concern, up to the last return, dated September, 1933, possessed no share capital, from which it seems that its financial transactions "of all kinds" must have been somewhat limited in scope.

How John Loraine managed to discover this moribund company and persuade its directors to become the proprietors of Tiger Film Trust is one of the minor mysteries of his startling career.

Certain it is that any company in which he plays a prominent part is at once open to suspicion.

This plausible humbug is a king among film sharks, and for some years past he has lived in considerable style on the money he has obtained from his dupes.

Perhaps his most despicable action occurred recently, when he persuaded a London woman to invest £50 with him on condition that he trained her ten-year-old daughter for film work.

He had at first had the impudence to ask for an investment of £1,000, but gradually climbed down and became more moderate in his demands.

He's a menace

In March, Loraine called on this woman and told her that unless she paid him a further sum of £100, the contract for her daughter's appearance in a film, which was a condition of the investment, would be cancelled.

We have said enough about John Loraine's activities to prove him an unscrupulous and scheming adventurer who is a menace to the public.

His persuasive methods and his lying tongue are his chief stock-in-trade.

We have considerable pleasure in taking the mask off this humbug and revealing that the Tiger Film Trust is John Loraine.

OUR MYSTERY BOOK IS READY!

A BOOK in a thousand—a magnificent publishing achievement—that is what thousands of JOHN BULL readers are already saying about *The Mystery Book*—the great new volume of thrillers which JOHN BULL is presenting to every reader.

The final opportunity to secure *The Mystery Book*—announced in last week's JOHN BULL—resulted in a further amazing demand for this volume, and with the approach of the closing date of this offer—*Tuesday, May* 15, the total number of applications bids fair to be phenomenal.

If you have not already received or applied for your *Mystery Book*, you have no time to lose. There's a copy for you if you apply at once on the special reservation forms published in the announcement on pages 4 and 5 of last week's JOHN BULL. But you really must act at once.

Get last week's JOHN BULL now and fill in and post the forms which reserve a copy of *The Mystery Book* in your name. Be sure to indicate on these Forms whether you require the Ordinary or the De Luxe Edition. Remember—this Presentation Offer definitely closes on Tuesday next, May 15, and it cannot be repeated.

MAN *with a* PONY

RECENTLY an imaginative coster, with a starving pony, has been making money in the London suburbs as a story-teller.

This man—who probably does not know which is the right end of a coster's barrow—calls on people who are ardent supporters of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or of Our Dumb Friends' League, with a most harrowing tale.

He declares that he has been in hospital, owing to an accident, and that, during his absence, he left his pony—"the only true friend I have in the world"—with a man who has neglected it.

"When I came out of hospital," the pathetic account continues, "I found the poor little pony starving, and I have not any money to buy it food."

Details about the pony's sufferings are added, and the fellow begs the loan of £2 with which to buy fodder for the animal and to assist him in starting out on a coster's round again.

A woman reader of JOHN BULL, living at Willesden, received this visitor a short time ago, and listened with growing sympathy to his highly coloured narrative.

In this case the man gave an address in Harlesden and declared that he had collected considerable sums at the Willesden Hospital carnivals, driving in his barrow with the pony.

So touched was the reader, and so anxious to save the pony from further harm, that she lent the coster £1, and received in return an I O U with a promise to repay the money in less than a week.

* * *

As it happened, the woman did not have £1 in the house at the time, and so herself borrowed that amount from a friend who happened to be present, to hand it over as a loan on behalf of the "poor little pony."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the money was not returned as promised, and that when enquiries were made the address given by the supposed coster was found to be a fictitious one, while all his statements, when tested, proved to be untrue

We suggest to any other of our readers who are bothered by this borrowing coster that they should immediately inform the police.

The man is an impostor, who has discovered a new way of picking up easy money.

He turned back to ... TRADEDY

"JOHN BULL'S £110 CHEQUE FOR WIDOW"

ON the way to the cinema with his wife he felt for his cigarettes, discovered he had left them at home, and turned back to get them. He hurried through the front gate . . . and then . . it happened. He caught the toe of his boot against a drain in the garden path and, falling heavily cut his thumb

A cut thumb! Who would think such a trivial injury would prove fatal! Yet, through blood poisoning, this is the fate that has befallen a JOHN BULL reader — Mr. Thomas Smith, of 55, Castle Road, Weoley Castle Estate, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

Mr. Smith's widow has received a cheque for £110 from JOHN BULL, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Trifling injuries, injuries to which not as much as a second's thought is given, often have the most serious results A scratch . . . a slight cut . . . a knock . . . mere nothings one would imagine, but who knows!

JOHN BULL's great Insurance Gift provides unrivalled benefits for accidents in House and Garden. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness—and the *only* paper that adds the welcome 10 per cent. bonus already mentioned.

Make up your mind to-day to be covered by JOHN BULL's great Free Family Insurance Gift—you owe it as a duty to yourself and your family.

Delay in signing the forms below may make all the difference between a substantial cheque and vain regrets. Why not sign now? Think what it would mean to you — a free mind, happy in the assurance that, in the event of misfortune, there will be no embarrassment for you or yours—thanks to JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)......................................

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature......................................

Address......................................

....

.... Date......................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 12/5/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age......................

Address......................................

....

....

Name and Address of Newsagent......................................

....

.... Date......................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B. 12/5/34

'JOHN BULL'S'

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage** and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE
3D
Cash the Coupons

GREAT PEN OFFER

Record One-Week Pension Offer.—See Page 47.

He used AXLE-GREASE on his HAIR!

Which, after all, is no more wildly optimistic than trying to shave with household soap. That's what some fellows do—when they *do* shave. But it's too painful to do so *every* day. And they think they're saving money; yet a mere sixpence buys an Easy Shaving Stick which will last three whole months. And all that time it will give the closest, most comfortable shaves it is possible to have.

No need to shave one day and miss the next. With a Lever's Easy you can be well shaved *every* day and enjoy it! And being well shaved is a big help towards a smart appearance. Ask your wife to include your Lever's Easy on her next grocery list.

LEVER'S
EASY
SHAVING STICK

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

100 SHAVES FOR 6D

E 234-172-55

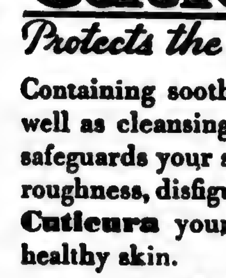
Cuticura
SOAP
MEDICINAL AND TOILET

Daily use of Cuticura Soap

Protects the skin and keeps it Healthy

Containing soothing, healing and medicinal, as well as cleansing properties, **Cuticura Soap** safeguards your skin, protecting it from redness, roughness, disfiguring pimples, rashes and skin irritations. Make **Cuticura** your daily toilet soap and enjoy the charm of a healthy skin.

PRICE 1s. SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS.



ENGINEERS! LOOK WHAT YOU HAVE AT YOUR FINGER TIPS!

Do not let a first-class post slip through your fingers for the sake of a few letters after your name. Whatever your experience, age or education, you should send to-day for "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES." This free 256 page Handbook shows the easiest way of preparing for the A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., Matric., G.P.O., etc., Exams. The book also gives details of all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Wireless and "Talkie" Engineering, and explains the unique advantages of our Appointments Department.

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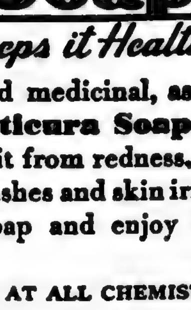

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A Scandalous HOME for Children

SOCIAL workers, parents and teachers who live and work amid the smoke and grime of industrial neighbourhoods are now busily planning their summer programmes for sending poor children away for seaside or country holidays.

But certain enterprising organisations, whose aims are not by any means so laudable, are likewise opening their campaigns with a view of gaining some of the business that they know will be going.

Among these is a somewhat queer religious centre, with headquarters in the East End of London, which is already sending its collectors out far and wide to gather funds.

It is known as the Priscilla Aid Society Mission, of Priscilla Road, Bow, London, and it claims financial support on behalf of orphan, sick and crippled children from the slums.

Pathetic appeals

It makes a great pretence of working among the kiddies of poor families in Bow, Bromley and Hackney Wick.

It holds prayer meetings, guilds and Sunday services at its headquarters, and promises the children food in winter and holidays at seaside homes in the summer.

When we say that areas lately combed by its collectors embrace Maidstone, Beckenham, Folkestone, Chislehurst, Watford, Caterham, Weybridge, Bournemouth, Golders Green and many London suburbs, it will be seen that the campaign is extremely widespread.

The collectors employed are paid five shillings in the pound for their pains; and the balance is in the keeping of the Society's secretary, Mrs. E. P. Billings.

Enquiry reveals some disquieting facts, and we do not hesitate to denounce this organisation as one that exists by exploiting the poverty of sick and crippled children

At one time, the Priscilla Aid Society Mission used a bungalow on Canvey Island, in Essex, for its summer holiday home; but more recently it has occupied a house known as "Winchelsea," in Rectory Road, Pitsea, some thirty miles out of town.

As many as twenty children of all ages up to fourteen have sometimes been crowded into this six-roomed dwelling.

One child who went to spend her summer school holiday at "Winchelsea" was given little time for rest or amusement, being pressed into service as a domestic help; another, a boy, was likewise employed.

When we probe into the conditions under which these young holiday-makers are received into the "Mission" home, the full import of the notice, which reads "No child refused," at once becomes apparent.

For we find that, though regular appeals for funds are made in several counties, the parents of many children have been asked to contribute towards the maintenance of their children at this supposed charity home.

Grave complaints of overcrowding have been made by education officers.

Our enquiry shows that the conditions under which weak and ailing children are received and accommodated are open to grave objection.

A sanitary inspector, who visited this "home," found it disgracefully lacking in every necessary arrangement for both comfort and health.

Welfare workers in the Pitsea district have expressed their disapproval of the way in which children of both sexes have been herded together.

Makeshift

And another equally grave objection concerns the house itself. It is built mainly of wood, and, while admirable enough for the ordinary and normal usage of a small family, it is in no way adapted as a holiday home for more than a score of children.

The same remark applies to a bungalow formerly used by Mrs. Billings, the principal of the Priscilla Aid Society Mission.

It stands on the bleak and dreary Essex marshes, surrounded by potholes, and close to the railway line. The Society's homes have always been of a makeshift character.

One was a cottage Mrs. Billings rented on Canvey Island, at the mouth of the river Thames.

There the children were accommodated four in one bed, and one growing schoolgirl was compelled to sleep with Mrs. Billings and her daughter.

Candles were customarily used for lighting; and sanitary arrangements were non-existent.

It is preposterous, in the face of these disgraceful conditions, that Mrs. Billings, as head of her Priscilla Aid Society Mission, not only advertises hundreds of children's outings, but proclaims in advertisements that 10,000 little ones have benefited as a result of her efforts.

Though she solicits public support so widely, little children are expected to contribute their pennies in return for tea and bread and jam dispensed at her meetings at the "Gospel Hall" in Bow.

Meanwhile, a number of tradesmen in Pitsea wait in vain for payment for goods supplied to her in connection with a dinner she gave in the parish hall last Christmas!

"No child refused" says the notice board outside Priscilla Mission—but no child should be allowed to enter

"Kindly send donations," the leaflets she distributes through her collectors read. "May we beg earnestly for a little help for these children, who are looking forward to their holidays?"

One of her canvassers is a young man who was originally a costermonger, who ran away from home to join Mrs. Billings' queer "Society."

Missing lad

When he disappeared, his father went to the police, seeking their assistance, and the lad was reported "missing." For a long time he was sought in vain.

When found, it transpired that he combined the duties of canvassing for subscriptions with occasional housework for Mrs. Billings!

Mrs. Billings, who is not usually to be found either at the Pitsea "home" or at the headquarters of her "mission" in Bow, was traced by one of our investigators to her retreat from the world and its wickedness in Kepple Road, East Ham.

At the moment, while preparations for the summer season are being made, the guiding light of the Priscilla Aid Society Mission is not available.

Yet her collectors are active enough.

In the light of the facts now revealed, readers will know that this organisation is unworthy of support.

We certainly think it time some curb was put upon Mrs. Billings' activities. The sooner her Society "disappears" the better.

FAKE-CHEQUE STAR-GAZER

ONCE again the country is being flooded with circulars sent through the post by an astrologer whose headquarters are at 11b, Rue Volney, Paris.

This time the wizard of the spheres does not assume the title of "Professor," but signs his letters as plain Geo. Cecil Nixon.

Those who have had the doubtful pleasure of receiving circular letters from Nixon have doubtless been surprised to find enclosed an imitation cheque for £2 10s., which is drawn on the "National Bank of Prosperity."

These "cheques," which have been distributed in their thousands, are but a poor imitation of the real thing, and would scarcely deceive a child.

Geo. Cecil Nixon in his letters explains his "generosity" in so freely distributing these worthless scraps of paper.

First he modestly proclaims to the world that he is "an astrologer of experience, qualifications and ability, which by most people would be considered superhuman."

Then Nixon offers to cast a true, genuine, accurate and helpful horoscope.

So anxious is this superhuman astrologer to prove his good faith and guarantee his sincerity, that he explains that his "cheque" for £2 10s. is for the bulk of his £3 fee for a complete horoscope.

The recipient of his circular letter is asked to return the worthless "cheque," plus a perfectly good ten shilling note for a horoscope!

Nixon then gave a vague and unconvincing guarantee that if his horoscope is not substantially correct he will return the fee in full.

In order to spur people into sending him their fees quickly he insists that his "cheques" will only be available for about ten days.

* * *

This impudent trick is so transparent that it seems unlikely that many people will be deluded.

That he should at the same time boast of his sincerity, good faith, and generosity is a clear indication that this astrologer of "superhuman" powers is a humbug.

It is interesting to note that Geo. Cecil Nixon's stationery and promises are similar to those of Professor Humphreys and Professor Walmsley, two astrologers who at one time operated from Paris, until their activities were exposed in these columns.

It is possible that Geo. Cecil Nixon is but a new incarnation of these two professors.

£50 PIG IN A POKE

FOR sheer impertinence it would be hard to match an offer made by a concern called the Imperial Radio and Electrical Co., Ltd., of 7, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

This so-called "company," describing itself as wholesalers and retailers of radio and other goods, advertised the other day for men able to take charge of branches, which, according to the headed notepaper used, are scattered in Clapham, Wandsworth and Sydenham.

A Whetstone reader who responded was offered a post carrying a salary of £3 5s. a week, with hours from nine till five daily.

The offer was first of all conveyed in a personal letter signed by F. Brooks; and almost immediately afterwards confirmed in a longer epistle from the other "director," who signed himself R. Williams.

In an interview with the "directors," which took place in a small office on an upper storey, our reader was informed that the company required a sum of £50 by way of security.

There is not even the customary assurance that the Whetstone man will get his money back should the employment be terminated; nor does this radio "company" undertake to guarantee to provide work over a given period.

Nor do we find the company to be as great in radio and electrical circles as its impressive letter-heading would lead one to believe.

• • •

The office it occupies in Southampton Row was taken a couple of weeks ago by the two men who have paid rent for its temporary use.

But as up to a recent date the concern itself is neither registered as a limited company nor as a business name, investor-employees are left rather in the dark as to its exact standing.

In these circumstances we do not blame our reader for deciding to let the offer slide!

His Suffering Wife

No Peace From NERVES No SLEEP Always in PAIN

Yeast-Vite Made her WELL

Grateful Husband Says "I FEEL IT MY DUTY TO THANK YOU"

Suffered Beyond Imagination

Chalfont St. Peter.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it is my duty to write and thank your Company for " Yeast-Vite." On Sunday I saw your Advertisement and so I decided to try " Yeast-Vite " for my Wife, who has **SUFFERED BEYOND IMAGINATION WITH INSOMNIA AND NERVES.**

Everything we tried was of no avail. She could get **NO PEACE OR SLEEP AND SHE MADE EVERYONE UNCOMFORTABLE TO SEE HER SUFFERING IN PAIN.**

Yesterday I sent to the Chemist for a 1/8 bottle of your Tablets. She has taken about half of them, and **TO-NIGHT, WHEN I CAME HOME FROM WORK, I COULD SEE A VAST CHANGE.**

She at once greeted me with : **" I am much better and shall not be without these Tablets in the House."**

My Mother who lives with me suffers from Kidney trouble, and is never free from pain. I have given her some " Yeast-Vite " Tablets to take.

I shall at once recommend your Tablets to all my friends and workmates and wish you every success.

That 1/3 bottle means pounds to us. You can publish my letter whenever you like with my full permission.

Yours respectfully, M. A. W.

Here is a tale to stir the hearts of all who " suffer beyond imagination " . . . a shaft of sunlight to illumine the shadows of their black despair! It is the story of a suffering wife . . . whom every effort failed to relieve! It is the story, too, of Quick Relief through the marvellous aid of " Yeast-Vite " . . . told in the heartfelt words of her grateful husband! " She made everyone uncomfortable to see her suffering in pain " . . how aptly that describes the home where the woman suffers and bravely tries to struggle on! But can't you imagine how this husband's face lightened . . . how a load of worry slipped from his shoulders when coming home from work he could see " the vast change " !

Thus is revealed to you yet another glimpse of the wonderful triumphs which "Yeast-Vite" is every day accomplishing. Women and men in countless numbers, freed from the oppression of Lowered Health and Strength, delivered from the torture of agonising Aches and Pains—how many such homes have been made bright, hearts made lighter by this remarkable combination of Yeast and Vitamins.

You, too, should experience the wonderful effect of " Yeast-Vite." You, too, should not hesitate a moment in seeing how quickly it will bring relief and restore your health.

YEAST -VITE IS LIFE

"To-night I Could See the Vast Change" —*he writes*

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD, and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of " YEAST-VITE " Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of " YEAST-VITE " return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full.

Yeast-Vite IS LIFE!

" Yeast - Vite " is the Wonder Tonic of the Age! Body, Blood, Brain and Nerves all benefit from its amazing Power!

In a few minutes it produces a feeling of Buoyancy and Vigour . . . fills the system with New Life and chases away the black clouds of depression.

" Yeast-Vite " is LIFE . . . test it yourself TO-DAY under our offer of ' No Cure—No Pay.'

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINS.
HEADACHES	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINS.
" NERVES "	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

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Yeast-Vite

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Quick Tonic Tablets. Sold Everywhere.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

WILES of a Bolting Banker

From the Jugo-Slavian army came Captain Ioan Poderjay to wage war on a defenceless woman!

A PLAUSIBLE foreigner, with persuasive manners, and an exceptional ability in the art of spell-binding, is the principal figure in an extraordinary case which has been brought to the notice of John Bull.

Captain Ivan Poderjay is his name; Jugo-Slavia his native state; but he moves between the capitals of the world.

For a time this fellow has had his headquarters in London, and, as a result of his recent activities, two British subjects find themselves in the direst financial misfortune.

One of the victims of Poderjay is the niece of a distinguished man, whose name is held in high esteem by the followers of Association football. The other is a struggling professional singer, with a splendid war record and the legacy of a serious wound.

Between them these two unlucky individuals have lost nearly £3,000 to the schemer from Jugo-Slavia.

And the chances of their ever regaining any part of the money are to the highest degree problematic.

The story begins with the arrival of Poderjay at an apartment house in Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, London, as a lodger. He made himself particularly pleasant and friendly to the other residents in the house, and told them how he had come to England to launch an invention of a patent combination lock, which was to be the last thing in lock simplicity and safety.

So rapid was Poderjay with his ingratiating work that before long he had taken over the house from the then leaseholder, and assumed complete control of the place.

Money-juggling

Among those living in the house was a retired business woman, and Poderjay was successful in bluffing his way into her full confidence. He talked, and talked in a most impressive and convincing style.

His invention would have results far beyond his expectations. There was a fortune in it for those who were wise enough to support him in the matter of finance.

That was one side of his patter, but he had another line—special information had reached him that England was to embark on currency inflation, and when this happened the value of investments would tumble.

Poderjay spun his web of enticement, with the result that he obtained £800 from the woman to assist him in launching his patent lock on the London market.

"Of course, the money will be perfectly safe with me," he declared, "for I have been a bank manager in Belgrade, and my brother is a high banking official there now. I understand everything about finance."

Another scheme followed that of the invention. Poderjay introduced a further infallible way of making money—by dealing in the currency of Jugo-Slavia. In this matter he said that he had the assistance of his banking brother in Belgrade. "We can do it; although to others it would be impossible."

Walked out

For this currency speculation he borrowed another £300 from the woman. These two loans exhausted practically the whole of her savings; money placed on one side for her retirement and invested in Government securities.

Having obtained all he possibly could from the woman, Poderjay turned his attention to the singer, who was living in the house.

Once again there was the impressive talk of profitable transactions in the currency of Jugo-Slavia. The singer who had a holding in British War loan was so influenced by the assurances given by Poderjay that he sold out his stock, and handed over a cheque for £1,270 to the self-styled captain from Jugo-Slavia.

Good business this for Capt. Poderjay; more than £2,000 received from two trusting English people in the space of a few weeks.

Next move of Poderjay's was a disappearance. He left the house in Abbey Road, ostensibly on a short holiday at sea, giving the place over to the charge of the woman from whom he had borrowed.

Full of excuses

For three weeks nothing was heard of the man. He was expected back every day, when—to the surprise of his two victims—a letter arrived from New York.

Apparently Poderjay had found a visit to America imperative. He described in his letters how his deal in currency had been carried through, and how he had transferred the proceeds to a bank in Cleveland, Ohio, in the hope of gaining still larger profits.

Temporarily, however, the business in America was held up owing to difficulties with the banking corporation there and the fluctuating value of the dollar.

To make their speculation absolutely secure, Poderjay suggested that £60 should be cabled him at once.

It was impossible for his victims to send the money. Poderjay had taken their all, and the woman—in addition to having sacrificed her savings—was finding grave difficulty in meeting the current expenses of the house at Abbey Road, which he had left her to manage.

After his New York exploits, Poderjay reappeared in London, but on this occasion stayed at an address in Westbourne Grove. He was full of explanations, when tackled, as to what had happened to the large sum he had borrowed.

Everything would be quite all right, he pleaded, if only he was not worried. The money was safely in the bank at Cleveland, and at the first favourable opportunity he would withdraw it, and everyone would be paid out in full with due profits.

Yet Capt. Poderjay's capacity for persuasion was not exhausted. Suddenly, he returned in great distress to his victims. Unforeseen difficulties had arisen anew in America. It was absolutely necessary that he should go back there immediately, otherwise the whole of the money would be swept away.

To make that urgent trip to the United States he must have £300 for his fare and expenses.

So convincing was Poderjay in his arguments that the extra £300 was found. It was loaned by the brother of the woman who had already lent £1,100.

Thus you have Poderjay departing for New York once more with his pocket book relined with good English notes, and an accumulated total indebtedness to his victims of £2,670.

He left behind him documents admitting his liability—an IOU drawn in favour of the singer, and a promise to repay, with interest, the loans obtained from the sister and her brother.

And that is nearly the end of Capt. Poderjay, of the Jugo-Slavian army—unless he has the temerity to burden this country with his presence again.

He has flitted now to the Continent. The last heard of him was in Vienna a short while ago. He was living in one of the best hotels, and still writing excuses for failure to make repayment.

Victims ruined

His final story was that the money had been extracted from the Cleveland Bank, and despatched for safe custody to a bank in Belgrade.

And the Belgrade bank would not release it.

Was there ever more preposterous nonsense? Poderjay is—in our opinion—just a rogue, who practises his own form of the age-old confidence-trick.

That also is the opinion of the authorities at the Home Office, and the police at Scotland Yard before whom the English victims of this engaging crook have, at this rather late stage, placed their case.

Naturally it was foolish for the retired business woman and the struggling singer to have trusted this foreigner. They realise that themselves now, but they were impressed by the manner of the man, and led astray in their judgment by his falsehoods. It is easy for all of us to be wise after the event.

Now in middle age, the woman—who scraped and saved through many years to lay aside funds for retirement—has to begin all over again.

While as for the singer, the little fortune he has lost was to have provided the monetary start he required in his profession.

He could have paid for the concerts and recitals which would have launched him on the musical world of London to make—who knows?—what great success. With the loss of the money the chance has been filched from him. He has nothing left except his war disability pension.

The pity of it all—that these two English people should suffer in such a way, while the man who ruined them enjoys his freedom.

TEAPOT TRICKSTERS

A SMALL army of canvassers is now engaged in working the tea trick throughout the country, and many housewives are being victimised.

Among the firms that are using this tricky means of selling cheap tea at a dear price is Griffith and Son, whose head office is at 333, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, London.

The headquarters of this firm happens to be a small office situated above an ironmonger's shop.

Teams of canvassers representing Griffith and Son have recently been at work in London, Great Yarmouth, Cardiff, Swansea, Portsmouth and other parts of the country.

Housewives are visited by these high-powered salesmen who persuade them to buy a pound of tea a week, usually at three shillings a pound, for a period of eight weeks.

This, it is stated, entitles the buyer to participate in a wonderful profit-sharing scheme, and a cash gift of £3 will be made to them.

A circular issued by Griffith and Son states that all customers "who fulfil our conditions—regular weekly purchase until date of payment—will receive our advertised gift in a very reasonable period."

From this it seems that the customers must continue buying tea until the date they receive the gifts, which may be next year, or the year after, for the "reasonable period" is not defined, and means nothing in particular.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that many housewives who have been promised cash gifts and have purchased tea regularly from Griffith and Son are disappointed at the long wait before their gift arrives.

This firm's circular, dated April, 1934, gives, among others, the name of Mrs. Newly, Binfield Road, Stockwell, S.W., in a list of customers who have received a cash gift.

What happened was that in 1932 Mrs. Newly bought tea from the firm and was promised a gift of £3.

After months of delay and several visits to the firm's office, she eventually obtained twenty shillings.

Since then her name has been used continuously, much to her annoyance, as if she had been a recent cash winner.

This is but one instance of this concern's methods. How many thousands of wives are being bluffed by canvassers into buying cheap tea at a dear price, without realising until too late the tricky conditions of the £3 gift offer, it is difficult to estimate.

Others should be warned against having dealings with doorstep tea-dealers of this kind, and steadfastly resist such tempting offers.

MY LIFE–5

by

Viscount Snowden

GEOR

"His experiences have eaten into his very soul. He hates injustice and tyranny. He is impressionable and impulsive . . . has the fatal gift of fluency"—George Lansbury in 1910 when he first took his seat in Parliament

I HAVE seen many rows in the House of Commons. The two most turbulent and disgraceful had Mr. Asquith for their storm centre.

The first of these took place on July 24, 1911. The Parliament Bill was passing through its final stages. Mr. Asquith had obtained the consent of the King to create peers if necessary to overcome the resistance of the House of Lords. The Tory opposition in the Commons were infuriated at being out-manœuvred. The "constitutional" party had relied upon the Peers to resist any curtailment of their Veto, though the country at the General Election had endorsed the policy of the Parliament Bill.

From the opening of the sitting it was evident that members expected that something lively was going to happen. The Tory benches were packed.

When Mr. Asquith entered the House at the end of Questions his followers rose to their feet and cheered him. Derisive cries came from the Opposition benches. When Mr. Asquith rose to move the Order of the Day pandemonium broke out. Before he could utter a word members were on their feet shouting and trying to put points of order.

The Speaker appealed in vain for a hearing for the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith sat down occasionally to allow the storm to subside. But each time he rose it broke out with greater fury. Dozens of members were all trying to say something at once.

Mad Half-Hour

Lord Hugh Cecil, the representative of the culture of Oxford University, and Mr. F. E. Smith were the ringleaders of the riot. The latter managed to get in a coherent sentence to the effect that he and his noble friend were entitled to apply the same treatment to Mr. Asquith which the Liberals had given to Alfred Lyttelton seven years before.

Above the tumult the voice of Lord Hugh Cecil could at times be heard hurling insults at the Prime Minister. Will Crooks, pointing at Lord Hugh, shouted: "Many a man has been certified as insane for less than half what you are doing."

After half an hour the storm abated on the Speaker pointing out that Mr. Balfour would probably follow the Prime Minister, and unless Mr. Asquith was allowed to speak there would be no chance for Mr. Balfour. Mr. Asquith was then allowed to proceed, but every sentence of his brief speech was interrupted with jeers and insults.

Mr. Balfour followed. During the disturbance he had made no effort to restrain the rowdyism of his followers. He made no apology, he expressed no regret, but excused their conduct on the ground that deep and passionate resentment was felt with the policy of the Government.

The howling-down of Mr. Asquith had been premeditated and organised. Lord Hugh Cecil had foreshadowed it in a letter to the *Times* three weeks before. Though Mr. Balfour gave his tacit approval of the conduct of his rowdies, their action was resented by the more reputable Unionists and Unionist newspapers, some of whom publicly expressed their disapproval of the affair.

The second scene I have witnessed in the House of Commons, far more violent than the one I have described, happened in the discussions on the Home Rule Bill in November, 1912.

"Traitor!" Cry

On a Monday afternoon, when members are late in turning up, the Tories organised an unexpected division. They had arranged for a full attendance of their supporters to be within call at 4 o'clock.

Sir Frederick Banbury produced a manuscript amendment to the Financial Resolution of the Home Rule Bill. The division on it was taken at once. The Liberal Whips were unprepared, and the Government was defeated by 21 votes. The amendment was a vital one, and unless it were reversed it would be impossible to proceed with the Home Rule Bill.

Two days later Mr. Asquith produced a resolution to rescind the Banbury amendment. The debate on this motion proceeded quietly for two hours. There were no indications of the coming storm. A Tory member was speaking, and when making some references to Mr. Asquith there broke out from the Tory benches cries of "Traitor." The "traitor," of course, was the Prime Minister.

The Speaker intervened and said that if he knew who had used the expression he should call upon him to withdraw it. A candidate for martyrdom was there. The redoubtable Sir William Bull announced that he was the man, and to support his claim he again shouted "Traitor." He was ordered to leave the House. He received his crown of glory the next evening at a great Unionist demonstration in the Albert Hall, where he was uproariously received as a hero who had said "Traitor."

After Sir William Bull's expulsion from the House the Tories evidently got together and decided they would have a row. About half-past seven Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Attorney-General, rose to speak. There was no obvious reason why he should be attacked. But immediately he rose the whole Tory Party burst into a chorus: "Adjourn! Adjourn!"

The Speaker appealed in vain for order. The chorus gained strength. It was clearly evident that there was a determined conspiracy to prevent any discussion. Front bench Tories openly defied the Speaker. The uproar was terrific. Liberals were on their feet shouting and shaking their fists at the Opposition.

It was useless to go on, so the Speaker rose and said: "In my opinion grave disorder has arisen." "I think so, too," interjected Jerry MacVeagh. So the Speaker suspended the sitting for an hour.

It was thought that an interval would allow passions to cool. But the Tories employed the hour to revive their strength from the resources of the dining-room. When the House resumed, the rowdyism was renewed with greater violence than before. Sir Rufus Isaacs was permitted to say, "Mr. Speaker," and no more. A Tory member, Lord Helmsley, rose, but his Tory colleagues howled him down. The Speaker pleaded with the Tory front bench to get a hearing for him. It was all in vain. It was quite obvious that there would be no speaking that evening, so the Speaker adjourned the House till next day.

The Tories acclaimed their victory by jumping up, shouting and waving handkerchiefs and papers for several minutes. The Labour members had been silent and disgusted spectators of this scandalous exhibition. It was a revelation to them of the breeding and culture of the "gentlemanly" party. The Liberals and Nationalists behaved with great restraint throughout the whole proceedings. It was a scene to cause feelings of contempt rather than of anger.

Churchill Hit

As members were walking out of the House, the sight of Mr. Churchill and Colonel Seely together—two former Tories — exasperated the Tories, who assailed them with cries of "Rats! Rats!" Mr. Ronald M'Neill, the seven-foot Ulster Unionist, seized a book from the table and hurled it at Mr. Churchill, who was struck on the side of the face and bruised.

The House met next day in a subdued mood.

Shortly after this incident Sir William Bull and Mr. Rowland Hunt—familiarly called Boadicea owing to some reference he had made in a speech to this ancient female warrior—were acting as tellers in a division.

Mr. Hunt had just been in trouble with the Tory Whips owing to some act of indiscipline.

After expressing his penitence he had been readmitted to the fold. Sir William Bull was very stout and red-faced. As these two walked together up the floor to the table,

The suffragettes "
completely as an instr
policy"—Mrs. Pank
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GE LANSBURY

—His HEART is TOO BIG!

ptured him
trument of their
khurst address-
algar Square

Jerry MacVeagh shouted out: "Behold the fatted calf and the prodigal son!" It was one of the wittiest sallies I have heard in the House.

I remember another instance of disorderly conduct which was not the outcome of premeditation, but of "spontaneous combustion."

Mr. George Lansbury had been returned to Parliament at the second General Election of 1910. He soon made himself conspicuous by asking innumerable questions on every possible subject, and by impulsive interventions in debate.

At this time the militant suffragist agitation led by Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter Christabel was attracting a good deal of public notice. Their activities had not yet assumed the violent form they did later. A number of women had been arrested for small offences and had gone to prison as the alternative to promising to be of good behaviour.

Mr. Lansbury, always the champion of people in distress, put questions about the alleged harsh treatment of these women in prison.

I may say that Mr. Lansbury was not alone in taking up the cases of these women, for Mr. Keir Hardie and myself were quite as active on their behalf, until their activities became criminal and alienated all sympathy. In reply to a question which Mr. Hardie had put about one of these prisoners, the Prime Minister made the remark "that these women could walk out of prison this afternoon if they gave the undertaking asked for."

For some reason this remark put Mr. Lansbury into a state of uncontrolled passion. He was sitting beside me, and he hurled this remark at Mr. Asquith: "It is perfectly disgraceful that the Prime Minister of England should make such a remark!" This caused an uproar.

Mr. Lansbury left his seat below the gangway and walked up to the Ministerial Bench, shook his fist in Mr. Asquith's face, and hurled at him a volume of abuse the like of which I have hardly ever heard. "You are murdering, torturing and driving women mad, and tell them they can walk out! It is the most disgraceful thing in the history of England. You will go down to history as the man who tortured innocent women. It is disgraceful to tell women who are in prison on principle that 'they can walk out.'"

And so he went on for several minutes. The Speaker was very lenient with him. He called him to order several times, but Mr. Lansbury was too excited to realise what was being said. Finally he cooled down and turned to the Speaker and said, like a man recovering his senses: "What do you want me to do, Mr. Speaker?" The Speaker replied that he had told him three times to leave for grossly disorderly conduct. Mr. Lansbury withdrew.

This was one of those scenes which do not arouse the indignation of the House. Members realised the deep sincerity of Mr. Lansbury, and that he had been carried away by his emotions and probably did not know what he was saying.

After this Mr. Lansbury came more and more under the influence of Mrs. Pankhurst and her daughter. By the autumn they had captured him completely as an instrument of their policy. At that time they were conducting a campaign of attack on Liberal Ministers and those Labour members who were prominent supporters of women's suffrage. The Conservatives they left severely alone. Their demand was that the Labour Party should vote against the Government on every question until they were either driven from office or compelled to give votes to women.

The Resolution

This policy was obviously so farcical as not to deserve a moment's consideration. The Pankhursts prevailed on Mr. Lansbury to become its champion in the Labour movement. His action can only be explained if one understands the truth of Mr. Augustine Birrell's description of him. He said "the trouble with Lansbury is that he will let his bleeding heart run away with his bloody head."

Mr. Lansbury was at that time a member of the Parliamentary Labour Party and of the National Council of the I.L.P. Without a word of consultation with his colleagues on either body, he sent out a circular to all the affiliated branches of the Labour movement asking them to endorse the Pankhurst policy.

In view of the fact that Mr. Lansbury is now a person of importance and influence in the Labour Party it is well to give fairly fully the story of this attempt by him to dictate the policy of the Labour Party, an attempt which, had it been partially successful, would have disrupted the Labour movement.

The resolution which Mr. Lansbury asked the branches of the Labour movement to endorse called upon the Labour Members of Parliament to vote constantly and relentlessly against the Government from then onwards until they have either driven them from office or compelled them to introduce and carry a proposal giving votes to women on equal terms with men.

Paid the Penalty

Both the Executive of the Labour Party and the Council of the I.L.P. repudiated Mr. Lansbury's action. There was no response from the branches, so Mr. Lansbury decided to appeal to Bow and Bromley. Without even informing his colleagues on the Council of the I.L.P., although he was one of its Parliamentary members and had been financially assisted as a candidate by the Party, he resigned his seat to contest the constituency on his policy.

He neither sought nor did he receive the endorsement of any National Labour organisation. The Labour Party Executive passed a resolution that his candidature should not receive the collective or *individual* support of the Labour Party. Some days before the Executive passed that resolution, four Labour Members of Parliament had given a pledge to Mr. Lansbury to speak for him in the contest, and they felt bound to carry out their promise.

Keir Hardie and I were wholly opposed to his policy; and we strongly disapproved of his action in resigning his seat. But we were personal friends of his, and we wanted, if possible, to save him from the consequence of his own folly. So we went together to address a meeting on his behalf, making it a condition that nobody connected with Mrs. Pankhurst's movement should be allowed to appear on the platform.

Mr. Lansbury was badly beaten. He paid the penalty of "letting his heart run away with his head" by expulsion from the House of Commons for the next ten years.

There was one other feature in this incident which I must mention, but do not wish to stress. It illustrated a trait in Mr. Lansbury's make-up which the public do not understand. The report on the Labour Party Executive on this matter said: "He has not observed even ordinary loyalty to his colleagues. From first to last he has gone his own way irrespective of Party wishes."

Many instances could be given of Mr. Lansbury's desire to force himself into a position of leadership in the movement. He has run newspapers, to air his own views and policies, in competition with the struggling official organs of the movement. He started a weekly journal under the modest title of *Lansbury's Weekly*, in competition with the organ of the I.L.P., the *New Leader*. When it was pointed out to him how mischievous his action was he would not listen, and in consequence he destroyed his own paper and nearly ruined the *New Leader*. When *Lansbury's Weekly* came to disaster, and was finally incorporated in the *New Leader*, Mr. Lansbury made it a condition that he should be given a platform in the *New Leader*.

Fatal Fluency

Mr. Lansbury has many good qualities. He has more vigour than any man I have known except Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Tom Mann. His sincere devotion to the cause of the workers is undeniable. He has seen much of the sordid and hard lives of the poor. He lives among them and sees their struggles and sufferings. His experiences have eaten into his very soul. He hates injustice and tyranny. It was this that drove him to his irrational action on the Women's Suffrage question.

He is impressionable and impulsive. He has the fatal gift of fluency. He is like a popular Wesleyan minister—the late Peter Mackenzie—who, when called before a committee of the Conference to answer for the nakedness of his language, excused himself by saying: "Praise the Lord! The words rush out of my mouth before I have time to put their shirts on."

I doubt if Mr. Lansbury ever prepared a speech in his life, and if he did I am sure he would never be able to deliver it. There should be room in a movement for all sorts of men, and Mr. Lansbury has gifts which have won for him a warm place in the hearts of many of his country men and women.

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"JOHN BULL" readers' stories

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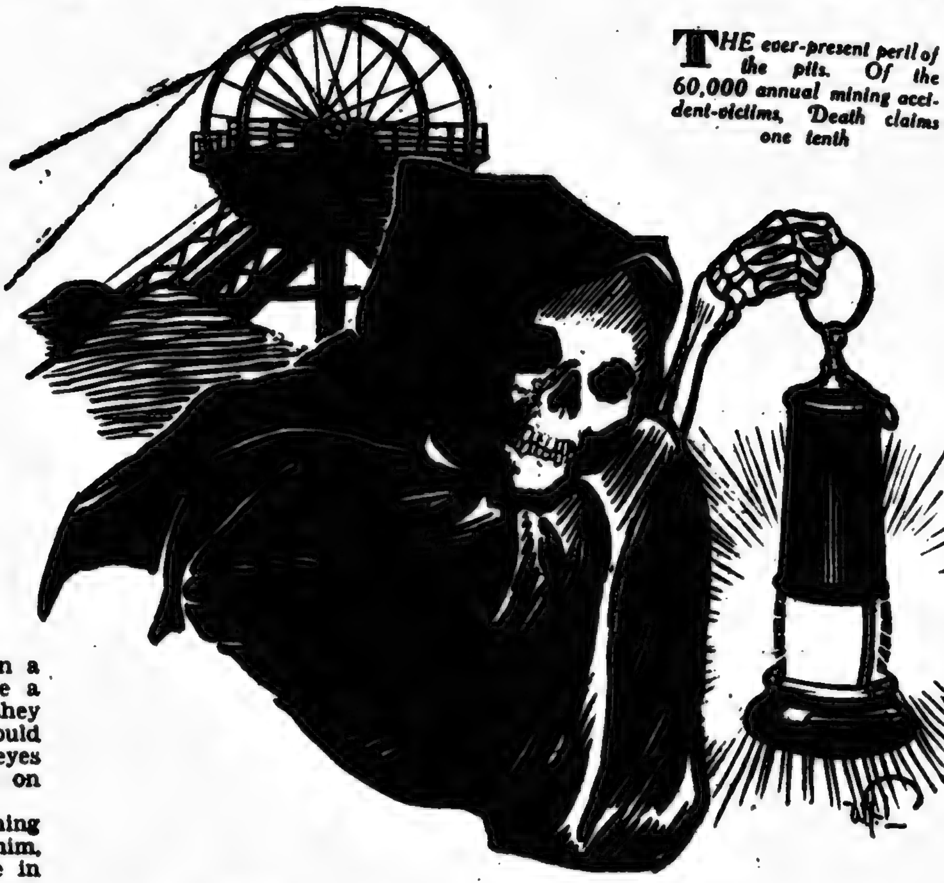

THE ever-present peril of the pits. Of the 60,000 annual mining accident-victims, Death claims one tenth

ENTOMBED

—the Spectre in the Pit

SITTING on my stool, the roof was just above my head. And the coal face upon which I was working was "sweating" ominously. I was deliberately cutting through into an old working and the "place" I wirked in was only two feet six inches high.

Those who have never been down a pit may find it difficult to picture a miner doing a job like this. If they were down there with him, they would notice the astonishing whites of his eyes and the gleaming streaks of sweat on his blackened face.

They would see the dark, shining mass of the hewn coal, and watch him, squatting over his cutting machine in that black tunnel no higher than a dining-room table.

But they would not understand—as I understood—the meaning of the "sweating" coal face, that ooze of moisture which warned me that I was nearly through to the old working and that there was water on the other side.

How much water I could not tell, but I knew that the "place" in which I worked was at the bottom of a dip and that it might be instantly flooded when my cutting machine broke through.

Punch — punch — punch, went the machine, and every thud was echoed in my heart. I had almost reached the limit of nervous strain when the coal face gave way and I was swept from my stool like a straw.

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My lamp was out and I battled in rushing waters and thick darkness. I do not know how I missed dashing my head against some projecting stone or timber.

The water was surging about my body as I stumbled crouching towards the higher level. It rose to within ten inches of the roof, so that in the end I had to hold my head sideways to keep my nose and mouth free to breathe.

Luckily, the old working drained. If it had not done so, all the workings on that level would have been swamped and I and fifty other men would have been drowned like rats in a sewer.

According to the official figures, there are about 60,000 mining casualties every year, and of these some 6,000 are fatal.

But there are no statistics of the "near shaves"; no record of the times when the lurking enemy strikes and misses.

I have been a miner for twenty-five years and I do not claim experiences outside the ordinary run of mining risks. And yet all of us, who earn our living with pick and shovel in the bowels of the earth, live with danger as our constant companion.

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It is suspense that lines the face and makes a man look old before his time, and the miner lives in "the valley of the shadow," with never a working day in which he can truthfully say that he "fears no evil."

Few of you who read this can ever have cut coal in an underground cul-de-sac, and, if you are at all imaginative, I should advise you never to try it.

It might tear your nervous system into shreds, for you would never know just when your machine might punch out that small key-piece of solidity which alone stands between you and the fall of thousands of tons of roof.

I was cutting a blind tunnel like that one night with my mate. Shortly before there had been a big fall and our job was to "skirt" through to open a road out without having to shift the fall itself.

This tunnel that we had driven was about twice the length of a cricket pitch, about five yards wide and only two and a half feet high. The noise of the machine robbed us of our hearing—the miner's best friend.

A deaf man is not allowed to work underground, for, nine times out of ten, it is the ears, and not the eyes, which give us warning of a coming fall.

But that night we had to depend solely upon our eyes to detect the first cracking of timber which precedes a fall. I had been working about an hour when I paused to wipe the sweat from my eyes, and in that very instant I saw a prop bulge out and break in two.

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I stopped the machine and our ears were at once full of that grinding, thunderous roar which comes when stone is "on the work"—huge panels of the living rock grinding against each other, trying to break the interlocking formation of stratum. And the props snapped round us like match-sticks.

"Run, Billy," I yelled. "She's closing!"

Now, running in the open and "running" through a dimly lit black gallery thirty inches high, are two very different things.

I "ran" for five yards and then my right foot was caught between a big stone and the base of a prop, just as though it were held in a trap. My most frantic efforts failed to dislodge it

Billy, like the loyal pal he was, came back when he heard my shout. I would sooner have crossed No Man's Land under a barrage, for at any second thousands of tons of rock were due to fall, crushing that narrow tunnel into nothingness.

My boot was held as in a vice. Billy tugged with me in vain. I told him to run for it and he laughed at me under the thunder of the working rock. He pulled a jack-knife from his belt and slit the leather from the upper to the sole. Then I wrenched my foot out of the boot itself. It was the obvious thing to do.

We ought to have thought of it at once, but deadly danger makes calm, clear thinking difficult.

Together we ran, stooping, and we were no more than six feet clear of the mouth of the cul-de-sac when the roof fell.

It took three weeks to cut through the fall to the dead-end where they found the machine, and where they would have found our bodies.

Even now, though many years have passed, I still sometimes wake at night feeling again that crawling of the spine which comes to a man in the immediate menace of death.

It sometimes happens that special and particular risks must be faced with one's eyes open, and occasionally men may work for a whole shift on a dangerous job, leave it exhausted by suspense, and then learn that the men who followed them were hardly warmed up to their work before disaster overwhelmed them.

Any long wall face in a mine is divided up into "pillars" or sections. The pillars may be forty to sixty yards in length, but between each is a "gateway" or road.

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Once we had to cut across a gateway where a big stone hung as though ready to drop at any moment. It was treacherous because no amount of levering could get it down.

There was death in that stone and we knew it. Every miner learns from experience that he may work at a stone for hours and never shift it in the least degree, and yet that the slightest, imperceptible movement in the stratum to which it belongs may accomplish in a fraction of a second what all his toil has failed to do.

My mate and I had to cut under and round that stone in order to encourage

(Continued on page 28)

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"RAZ-MAH," writes Mrs. G. L. Hartley, 30, Snapethorpe Road, Lupset, Yorks, "has done wonders for me. I can now lie down and sleep, something I have not done for years."

ENTOMBED:—(*Continued from page 26*)

Invisible Peril

that natural movement. In work of this sort the obvious thing to do is to find timber, and prop as you cut so that you can save the roof and limit the fall to within some reasonable degree of safety.

But we could not find a stick of timber in the whole "district." And this was gross negligence on the part of the administrative department of the mine—a wicked piece of carelessness, very common years ago until the increasing number of accidents forced His Majesty's Inspectors of Mines to work for their pay.

For twenty minutes my mate and I laboured under that stone. To cut as we wanted one could not avoid working immediately underneath it, and every moment of that twenty minutes we had the maximum "wind up."

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At last we had finished what we set out to do and left the stone, exhausted, not with physical effort, but with nervous strain.

The place was now ready for a filler who had to remove the fallen coal. We pointed the stone out to him and he, too, hunted all over the "district" for a prop and a plank to safeguard him at his work.

But he hunted in vain, and at last, with a grunt of disgust, he began to fill his cart while we went off some fifty yards to another gateway for our half-time "snap" (lunch).

After a time we noticed that though his lamp was still shining there was an ominous silence in "the face." We shouted, but there was no answer.

And then we ran and found him lying very still beneath the fallen stone. It took six of us to lever it up far enough to remove the body. He was, of course, quite dead.

And when we were carrying the poor fellow on a "tram" to the shaft we had to step aside to allow another tram, loaded with timber, to hurry through to the place where he had been killed.

The administrative department was getting busy then; it wanted to make sure that when the Union Pit Inspectors arrived they would be able to report "plenty of timber."

And after that there would be a little formal evidence in the coroner's court and the usual verdict of "accidental death."

I would not deny that things have changed somewhat for the better since that date. There is closer inspection than there used to be, and the safety factor is more carefully considered in all the operations of the pit.

And yet, even so, our job remains the most risky of all and our yearly casualties are still the highest.

For me and my mates there has been neither the time nor the opportunity to build up "life stories" which have not coal for a background.

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Nor, for us old hands, can there be any escape from the pit except to the dreary street corners where the workless men stand in idle groups.

I read a book some time ago by Jim Mollison, the aviator. It was the story of his own career, and he called it "Death Cometh Soon or Late." Ay, but the flying men meet danger in the open air once every now and then. They do not fly with death at their elbow all day long.

But in the pit the lurking danger is ever present. There is death in the ill-set prop, which yields under top pressure and goes hurtling through the air like a stone from a catapault; death from falling roof or from avalanche of side coal.

There is death from pent-up waters suddenly released; and death sometimes from the least spark which may flash into ignition and explode an immense volume of gas that will end the lives of scores of workers.

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And when the shock of explosion has died away and men in distant galleries pick themselves up and stagger towards the shaft, they may find themselves entombed in sealed galleries or they may perish in the invisible, choking firedamp that is loosed after the crash.

We do not complain.

We put the thought of these ever-present dangers from us and carry on. It is the only thing to do; people who live on the edge of a volcano go about their daily business with no thought of a possible eruption. Miners are like that. The work has to be done and the risks go with it.

But sometimes those of us who still work in the pit may wonder why the risk of death has so small a cash value and the reward of dangerous labour cannot make life a little better worth the living.

Saved from the pit—a survivor of the recent disaster at Leigh, Lancashire, with the womenfolk who kept anxious vigil while he was in danger

The Greatest of These

STRUGGLE . .

DORIS, who is four years old, and her ten-year-old sister have been motherless for the last two years. "Having no relatives," says their father, "I have looked after my children myself. I do all the cooking, washing, mending, ironing and cleaning for them, for they are two lovely little daughters."

To their mother's memory he pays this tribute: "She was a very good, devoted and trustworthy mother. No one could have wished for a better in any way. She did all she could for us. Nothing was too much trouble. She died suddenly of heart failure just before I got home from work one evening."

Doris

Doris's dad is an ex-soldier. He was invalided home from France, but his disability pension ceased after two years, as he was considered fit for light work. He has been out of work for two years, and is striving to keep the home going on 19s. 3d. a week "dole."

"I walk eight miles," he says, "three times a week to sign on at the employment exchange, besides walking miles looking for work. I have struggled and looked after my two little mites myself all along, but now I do not know what to do for the best. We all want clothes and boots very badly.

"I have had a most wicked struggle to pull through up to now, but I am still struggling along for the children. They have only got me to look after them, and I will as far as I can. I made a promise to their mother when she was alive, and I will keep it."

Our readers can help him to keep his promise if they will send donations earmarked "Doris." All subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We thank Mrs. Gray, of Chesterfield, for her help, and would be glad to have her full address. We also thank "Cecil" for £2. Will our subscribers, to whom we are deeply grateful for their help, kindly note that we cannot acknowledge donations in JOHN BULL. Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments are sent by post. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Greatest Magic

MEN are always very slow to learn. They always have been very slow to learn. The superstitious nonsense that governed their lives for centuries—which we now laugh at as black ignorance—gained its power simply through the unwillingness of mankind to think.

It is much easier to believe in gods and demons, in witches and fairies, than to think in terms of physical cause and effect. It is much less trouble to accept an event as a miracle than to discover and understand the scientific law that underlies it.

Yet once men did begin to suffer the pain of thinking they discovered an even greater miracle than any they had yet imagined. They discovered that not only was the world governed by laws that allowed of no exceptions by supernatural beings, but that they could learn to master and use those laws.

They discovered, in fact, that thought was the greatest magic of all! But they were slow to learn, and they still are slow to learn, that thought is subject to laws just as rigid and just as inviolable as physical laws. Men have learned to think, but they have not yet learned to be masters of their own minds.

Everyone knows that if the body isn't fed it will starve; how many either know or believe that if the mind isn't fed it, too, will starve?

We laugh at the Indian fakir, who allows a limb to wither and become useless through sheer disuse; but we don't even smile at those who let their minds wither from just the same cause.

Mental life is surrounded by just the same black ignorance that, long ago, governed physical life; yet it is open to anyone to master the laws that govern it, just as they have mastered the physical laws that govern inanimate matter.

The great secret of life is just this—that 2 and 2 make 4—not sometimes—but every time.

If you can really understand this you have gone a long way towards success.

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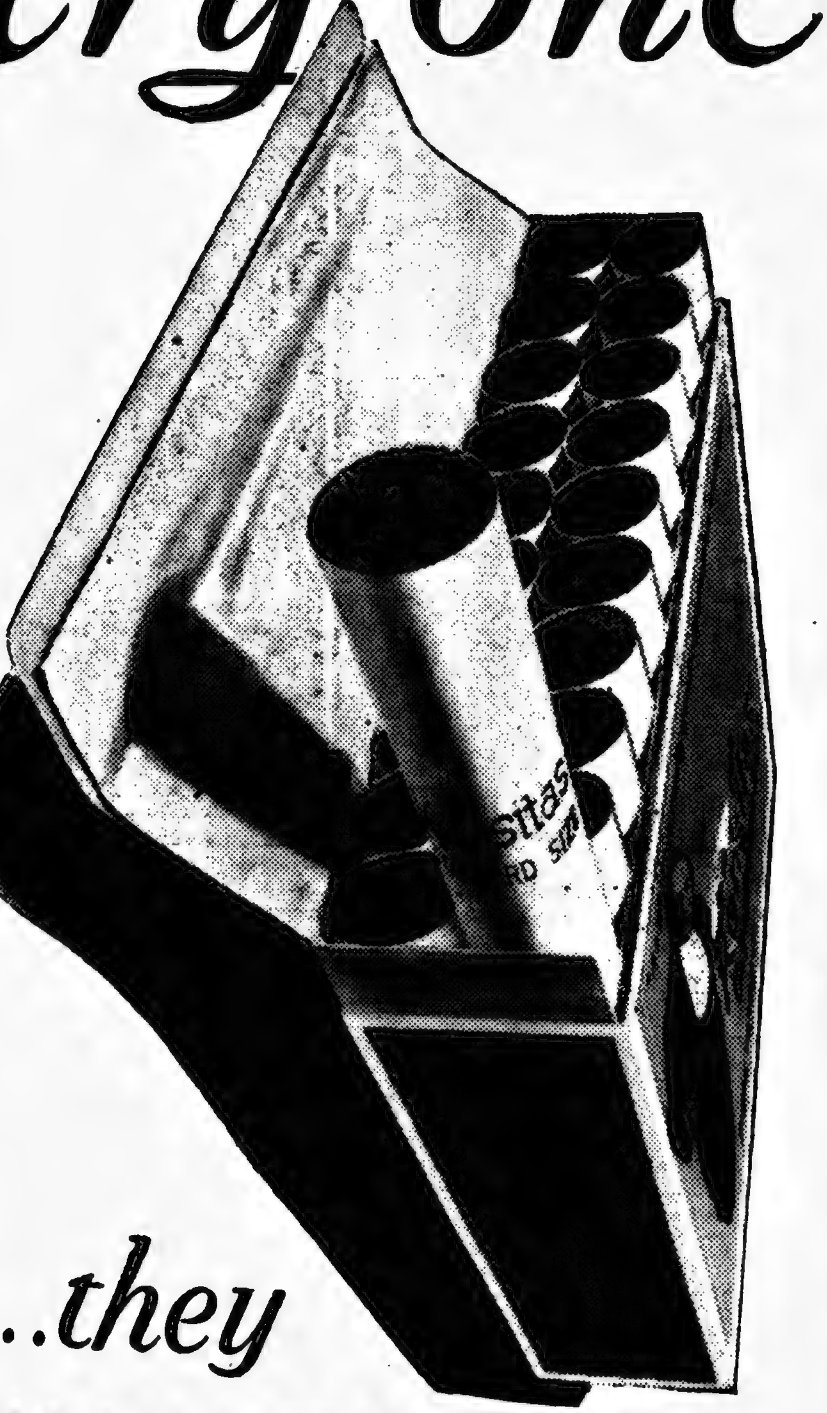

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When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowel cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals 'California Syrup of Figs' for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels pass out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious fruit laxative.

Mothers who value the robust health of their children should be wary of giving them laxatives in solid form as they often contain synthetic chemicals. All mothers are urged to try gentle regulation of the bowels with 'California Syrup of Figs'. It is a fruity, delicious and natural laxative flavoured with cassia, cloves and mint—endorsed by the medical profession and nurses the world over, because it is perfectly harmless.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists, 1/3 & 2/6. Be sure to emphasize the word 'California' when buying, and no mistake will be made.

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The RECKLESS HUSBAND

THE man who is a killjoy comes in for a good deal of fierce criticism in these days. Any attempt to interfere with our liberties is received with indignation "Why shouldn't a man have a glass of beer, a flutter on a horse, or an evening out occasionally?" the argument runs.

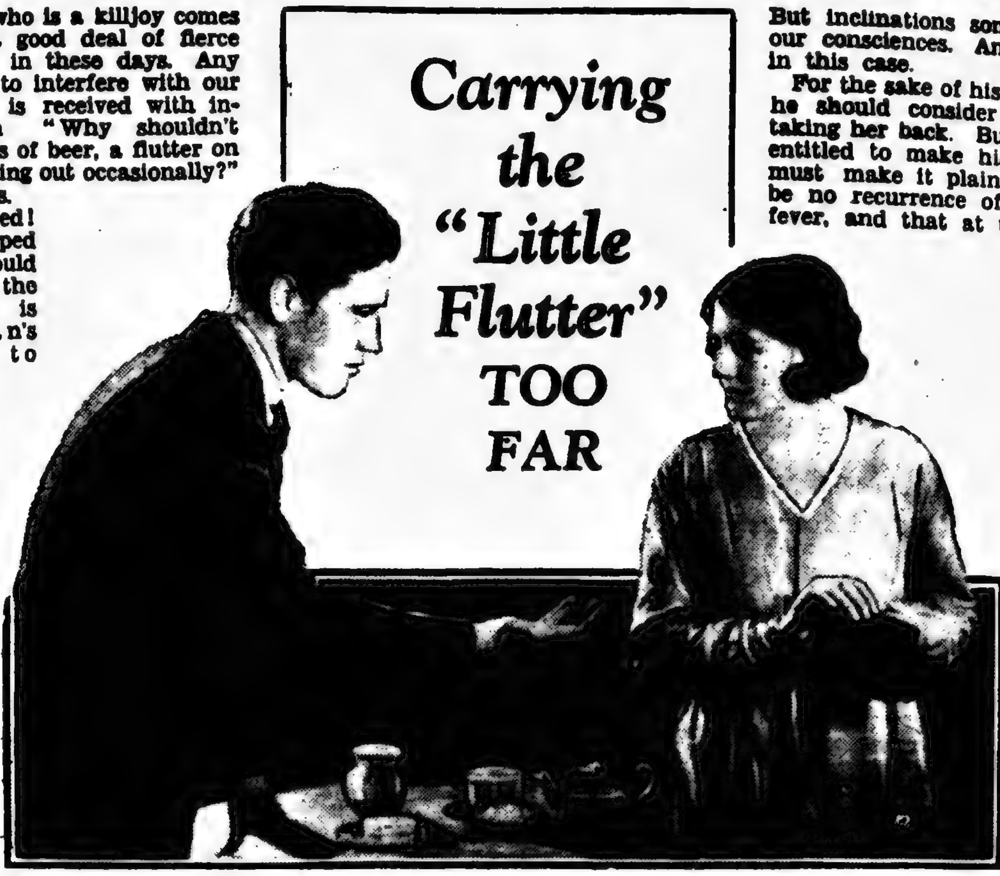
Why not, indeed! And if it stopped there nobody would be very much the worse. But it is when one man's liberty leads to someone else's slavery that the trouble begins.

Take the question of gambling. The man who puts a shilling on the Derby does not write to ask me to solve his problem — he has no problem to solve. But the inveterate gambler has — that is evident from the many letters sent to me. Here is one reader's story:

"My husband has been working short time and in consequence his wages have been about a half what they used to be. Having more time on his hands he has developed the gambling spirit. Every day now he asks me for sixpence or a shilling to put on a horse. And if I refuse to let him have it he gets nasty.

"I would not mind so much if there were only the two of us, but we have three little children and I simply can't provide for them and give him money as well. When he does win I must say that he gives me some of it, but he loses ten times more often than he wins.

"I am only young and do not want to go through life in this way. I feel it all the more as we used to be very happy together, and when he was in regular work and did not gamble there was nobody kinder and better."



Carrying the "Little Flutter" TOO FAR

"Every day he asks me for money to put on a horse"

☆ ☆ ☆

That "short time" I believe has turned this man into a gambler. His reduced wages, coupled with his hours of idleness, have set him on the quest for easy money.

One would think that repeated failures to win would cure him. His wife says that he loses ten times more often than he gains. But that is just what happens to these people. They lose their money but they never lose hope.

Many an inveterate gambler admits quite frankly that betting is a mug's game. Yet he persists because he is encouraged by an occasional win. And, in the meantime, both he and his loved ones have to suffer.

Now, there are various ways my correspondent can take to deal with this situation Some of them right, others definitely wrong. She can start nagging him; she can refuse to hand him that "sixpence or a shilling a day"; she can get somebody else to thrash the matter out with him. All these, in my judgment, would be wrong.

She must try herself by tactful methods to make her husband see reason. He obviously has many good points. When he was in full work there was "nobody kinder and better." Even now, when he "picks a winner," he is generous enough to share the proceeds with her.

So I would approach him in this way. "Last week," I would say, "you lost six shillings. That kind of thing has been going on for months. Now think what we might have done with that money."

It could, for instance, have been invested in a building society; it might have been used for equipping oneself for a spare-time occupation; or there are worse ways of spending time and money than in cultivating a garden. If this husband had some interesting and profitable work to absorb his spare time it might counteract the attraction of gambling.

One of the best ways of breaking a bad habit is by forming a good one. My correspondent is fighting to ensure the future happiness of her home and family. I hope when her husband realises this he will fight with her and not against her.

My second letter comes from a man with two children.

"Nearly ten months ago," he tells me, "I was in regular work and earning fairly decent money. For some time I had had to complain of my wife's neglect of our children. Then one day I discovered she had become a heavy gambler. She had been pledging my credit everywhere, running up grocery bills and obtaining goods to resell in order to get money to bet with.

"The upshot of it all was a bitter quarrel, at the end of which she said she would leave me, without claiming maintenance, if I would give her enough money to enable her to seek work and settle down elsewhere. This I did by selling some of the furniture, and I handed her the proceeds, which amounted to £32.

"Since she left my wages were reduced and I am still engaged in paying off her debts. A month ago I received a piteous letter from her, begging me to take her back. I did not answer it. Since then I have had nine further letters, all in the same strain. Quite frankly, I do not want her back as I am happier now than I was before. All I want is to be left alone to look after the children.

"But her letters haunt me. She is obviously having a thin time and for all I know may be in sheer want. There is also the danger that she may fall to the lowest depths."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Send your own private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted by

PHILIP INMAN

☆ ☆ ☆

Now if this man followed his own inclinations he would definitely refuse to take that wife back again. Since she left him he has been happy and contented and he simply wants to build up a new life for himself and his children.

But inclinations sometimes clash with our consciences. And I think it is so in this case.

For the sake of his own peace of mind he should consider the possibility of taking her back. But in doing so, he is entitled to make his own terms He must make it plain that there should be no recurrence of the old gambling fever, and that at the first sign of a further outbreak, the parting must be final and complete. I hope however, that the struggles of the last few months have taught this woman such a lesson that the home may be restored to the happiness enjoyed in its early days.

In a police court the other day the magistrate said to a woman, "Why don't you leave you husband if he is so cruel to you?" And this was the wife's reply: "We have got three children. *Besides, he was not always cruel.*" There are many women in that position, and my next correspondent is one of them. Here is her letter:

"My husband and I have been married for nearly twenty-one years and we have seven beautiful children—the eldest a girl, the others boys. But the last three years have been hell on earth for me. My husband won a large sum of money in a sweep and then gambled and drank it away.

"Like most married couples we used to have occasional tiffs, but they were soon forgotten. Now he finds fault with everything, sulks for days, gets into tempers, breaks the furniture and crockery, and even knocks me about.

"My daughter is eighteen, and the eldest boy seventeen. He does not even speak to them and they would be only too glad if I obtained a separation. But I am not sure this would be the best thing to do. After all these years, I still think something of him. Yet as things are, each day becomes harder to bear.

"It is not as if I had been a bad wife or mother. I have never reproached him for his foolishness, and I always provide him with good meals though I only have thirty shillings a week."

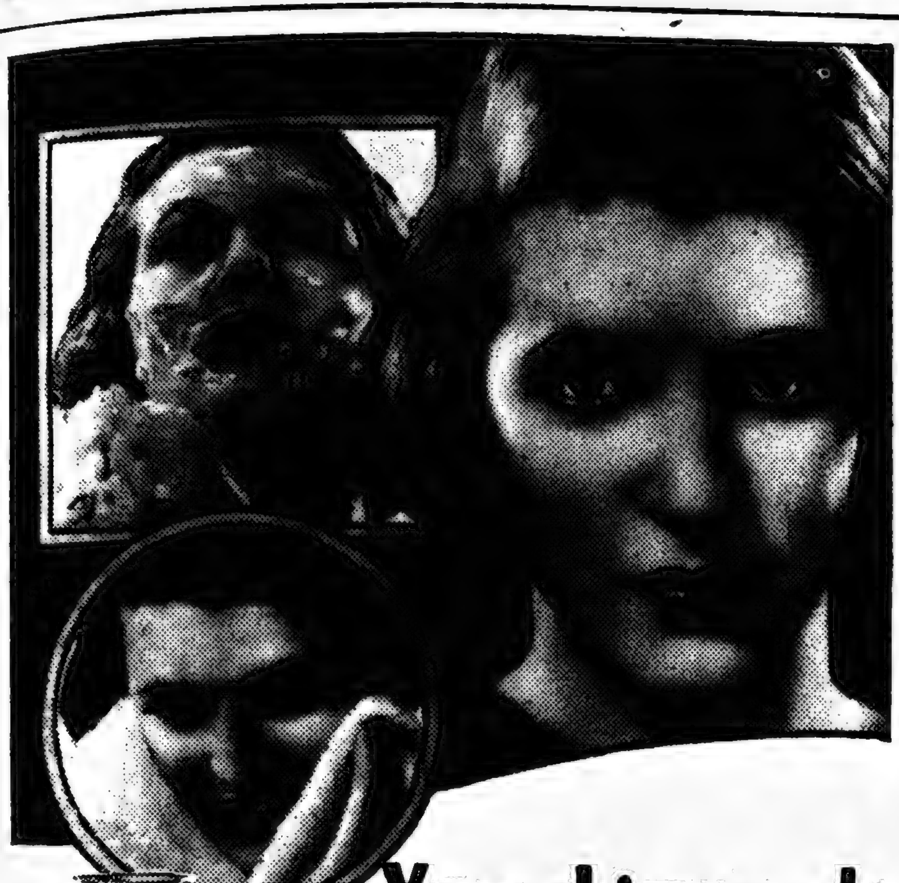
This woman has grounds in plenty for a separation. And but for one thing I would advise her to adopt that course. She tells me that in spite of his treatment of her and her children she still cares for him. I would therefore suggest that she says to him, "Just one more chance!" And let her make it clear that it is absolutely the last. I only hope that her kindness of heart will bear fruit.

☆ ☆ ☆

But if, alas, a separation is the only way out, my correspondent has one consolation—her children approve of her taking that step. And as they are all growing up it ought to be possible to get a little home together with them. Her position is therefore stronger than that of some other wives where there is a young family to consider. In this case my correspondent can refuse to have her life spoiled by her husband.

Twenty-one years of married life is a long time And it is a pity to contemplate domestic shipwreck if there is any legitimate way in which that can be avoided.

But this woman has her own health and happiness to consider, and what is just as important, the health and happiness of her children. They are entitled to a peaceful and contented home, and if that father makes that impossible, the mother must endeavour to see that they get it.



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IF YOU'VE A BABY

PRACTICAL GUIDE FOR BUSY MOTHERS

Good resolutions are not made only at the beginning of a year. Wise mothers are making them all the time—whenever they find something which aids their darling's health and happiness.

A letter we have just received contains a resolution which is of vital importance to a certain bonny little fellow. It says: "Peter owes a lot of his happy disposition and sturdy health to Steedman's Powders, *which will continue to be his only aperient right through childhood.*"

Peter's mother wrote for a copy of the famous little red book, "Hints to Mothers," quite soon after he was born.

Dealing so practically with all the little baby ailments—it has been an invaluable guide to her, while the gentle safe powders have kept his bowels regular and his blood cool, so that he has been a happy, bonny baby from the first.

Steedman's Powders are obtainable everywhere at three-halfpence for a single powder. The double EE is stamped on every powder for your protection.

Why not start right and keep right by sending a postcard TO-DAY for *your* copy of "Hints to Mothers"? If you mention "John Bull" it is free and post free, from JOHN STEEDMAN & Co., 270, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

ARE YOU MIDDLE AGED?

A Time of Trial for Woman.

There are no more anxious years in the life of a woman than those of middle age.

This time of trial, with its attacks of faintness and palpitation, fits of depression, violent headaches and back pains, needless fears and emotions, is rightly dreaded by women; but if reasonable steps are taken to safeguard the health no serious ill-effects will arise. At this turning point of life Dr. Williams pink pills have given a helping hand to thousands of suffering women who were fighting a losing battle against poor health and waning strength.

The very best help for any woman of middle age is the health-help given by Dr. Williams pink pills. These pills have a valuable strengthening effect, arising from the fact that they reinforce the blood supply, enriching and purifying it. In doing so they help to nourish the starved and overtaxed nerves and give new strength and vitality to the whole system. By this natural process all pains and weaknesses are completely dispelled by Dr. Williams pink pills, and a better, happier condition of health and spirits arises.

Start taking Dr. Williams brand Pink Pills now. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 0d.).

FREE. Every woman of middle age should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to G.E. Dept., 38, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

"I was tired out —'STOP WORK' they told me"

"I had to keep my job

"How I overcame tiredness and got a rise in pay"

"I've just been made private secretary to our Sub-Manager—one of the best jobs in the office — and because of the additional work and responsibility I've got a rise in salary.

"It is particularly interesting that a year ago, *almost to the day*, I was in danger of losing the job I then had in this office. I was thoroughly run-down, consequently not able to work quickly. Even after my holidays I didn't feel much stronger.

"STOP WORK," THEY SAID

"Being run down I was 'nervy' and made mistakes. Everyone was very nice to me about it — they said the wisest thing would be if I took 6 months off and built up my strength. 'Stop work for a while' they said 'and come back in the New Year.'

"But I had to keep my job, the extra money meant so much to my mother. Then the head secretary had a word with me. She recommended Hall's Wine. She'd found there was nothing like it to give you strength. Taking nice Hall's Wine regularly *for 2 months* I got all my strength back. My 'nerves' got better too. After that nobody spoke again about sending me away, and now in a year I'm where I am." *Mary Hewitt (Miss) 7 Beck Rd., Harehills, Leeds.*

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

It doesn't pay for any woman to look years older than she is. Tired nerves make unhappy marriages, too. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Limited. It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic will give you. Thousands of letters like that above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

IN Spring
YOU MUST PURIFY YOUR DOGS BLOOD

Save him from the painful blood disorders of Spring

BEFORE they became the friends of man, dogs conditioned themselves in Spring with the blood correctives which Nature provides among certain wild grasses and herbage.

Now-a-days your dog is denied Nature's help, yet **his domesticated life with you greatly increases his need of blood correctives,** especially now that the Spring sunshine is warming up his bloodstream.

The food impurities which collect in his blood are being aggravated and are developing **rapidly.**

There is no way for these impurities through the skin, for your dog's skin is non-porous. Unless you condition him quickly his liver will become sluggish and his stomach sour. **The first warm day will rob him of his health and his good spirits.** Save your dog from this needless suffering. Purify and refresh his blood NOW with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Soon his lively manner and the healthy "bloom" on his coat will tell you that you have given him perfect health, and freedom from the blood disorders which bring such suffering to neglected dogs in Spring—**continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes.)**

After you have given your dog his Spring Conditioning with a ten days' course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders, maintain him in good health throughout the year in the correct way—a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.

FREE. A new leaflet on SPRING CONDITIONING by Mr. Bob Martin, together with a sample packet (6d. size) of Bob Martin's Condition Powders may be had on application, stating breed and age of dog, to Bob Martin Ltd., 42 Union Street, Southport.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders are in 1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9—everywhere.

COULD HARDLY EAT AFTER OPERATION.

Anyone who knows the difficulty of recovering an appetite after sickness of any sort ought to read the simple way in which Mrs. J. W. S——, of Golcar, near Huddersfield, overcame this great obstacle to recovery. Here are her own words:

"I have a very dear friend, who has suffered a long time and had an operation, and following that could eat nothing—appetite completely vanished. Then along came the wonderful reviver Wincarnis and performed the miracle. She started to pick up and take food once more, and now whatever else is needed Wincarnis heads the list. I find it most essential to myself as a General Pick-me-Up or Tonic and I try never to be without a bottle."

And Wincarnis has the added advantage that, besides increasing the appetite, it actually builds up strength itself. It positively creates rich blood. That is why thousands of doctors recommend it so strongly for anæmia, lack of vigour and all nervous troubles. You ought to try it at once.

Nestlé's Milk
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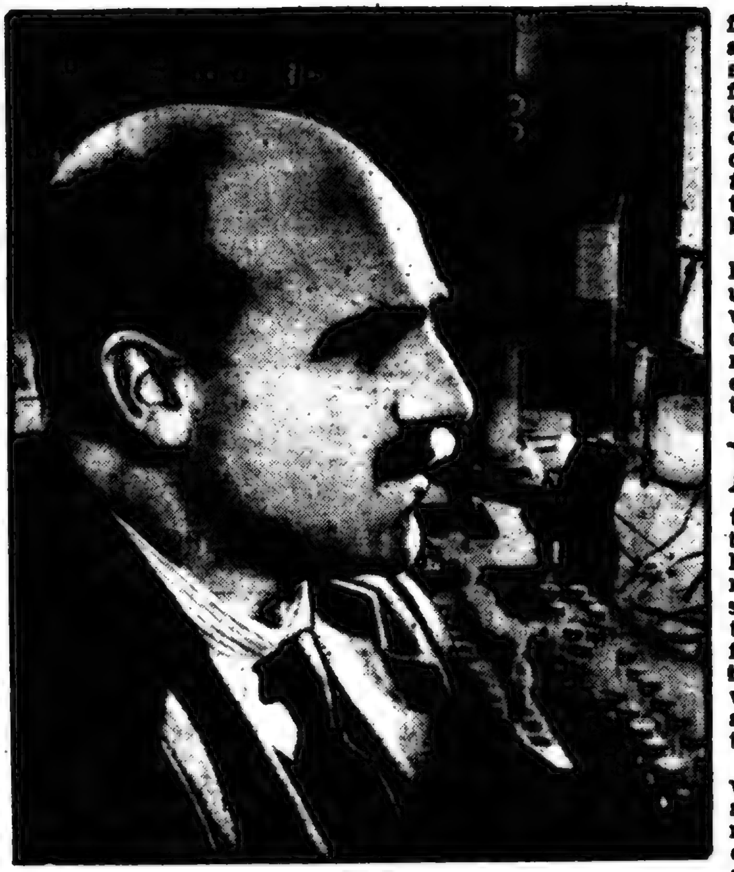
never disagrees

Human Test-Tubes!

The New Heroes of Medicine



He turned his body into a chemical factory — Professor Haldane

AS a nation first and foremost in the field of exploration for many centuries, we have always been generous in our admiration of people who go out into the Unknown, not knowing when death may overtake them.

If we have been slow to honour one of the most valiant types of explorer—those who probe the deadliest ambushes of Nature here at home in Britain—it has been because we have failed to recognise them as such.

To-day we are learning better. We know now that men and women can walk into terrors, far worse than those of the desert or jungle, in the cold routine of a medical laboratory.

New names and new achievements by those who, at the risk of their lives, use themselves as human test-tubes, have been added to the roll of such heroes in the last few weeks.

They are worthy additions to a list that includes the X-ray martyrs and the brave doctors and students who courted yellow fever in the filth and stench of tropical plague spots so that they could prove by their deaths that infection came from a germ.

One of the new martyrs of medicine was a doctor so young that he was a boy of twelve when war broke out. He has just given his young life to Science at the age of thirty-two. He was Dr. William Murray Taylor, who, while investigating three epidemics that have jointly ravaged his district of Consett, Durham, risked his life on laboratory experiments and so made himself a sacrifice in the war against disease.

Another young doctor who walked into the Unknown a few weeks ago is alive, fortunately, to see the results of his work, although walking about with his hands in bandages and helpless. He is Dr. L. Colebrook, of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, the foremost maternity hospital in the kingdom.

WE know of those dreadful dangers of blood poisoning in child-birth. Mrs. Baldwin has kept them to the forefront in the columns of JOHN BULL, and actually interests herself greatly in the work of Queen Charlotte's.

Well, so that those hopeful mothers shall not be threatened with death in what should be one of the happiest hours of their lives, Dr. Colebrook cheerfully undertook a risk that might have cost him his own life.

He wanted to test a new antiseptic. It must not be used on a mother unless its efficacy was proved. And yet a human test was the only really thorough one.

So Dr. Colebrook infected himself in the hands with the microbe that costs the nation so dearly in the lives of its mothers. He didn't explain why he used his hands for the purpose. One can only guess that they would be the easiest members to amputate if the antiseptic failed.

But it didn't fail. Its efficacy was proved. It is going to help us in our "Save the Mothers" campaign. But it needed a gallant young medical explorer to risk career, hands, perhaps life itself, to prove it.

If the worst happens in such experiments as that, it doesn't stop other doctors taking the torch of Progress out of the dying hands of their colleagues.

Only three weeks ago Dr. Daudet, of the Pasteur Institute, died through inoculating himself with viper poison.

To-day the work not only continues in the Pasteur Institute but has been taken up, as well, by British and Indian doctors in India, where that deadly reptile is so rampant.

More possible inoculations against the viper's sting will be discovered. More heroes will come forward to absorb the poison and see whether each successive new discovery is the right one. And if *they* fail there will be still more waiting.

We can all of us be forgiven if we try to avoid physical pain. Let us, then, think with greater admiration of the research workers who submit themselves to pain so that a greater number shall be spared it.

There is Dr. W. Pickering, who, with Dr. W. Hess, is trying to solve the various causes of common headaches so that this dreadful malady shall be conquered, and who are giving themselves severe headaches by means of drugs and other agencies as part of their work.

There are people who have never been without a headache for ten, twenty, thirty years and more. Think what they may one day owe to such people as Dr. Pickering and Dr. Hess.

Perhaps no man living more regularly and more often submits himself to pain than Dr. David Waterston, a Scottish professor of anatomy.

He submits his own body to everything ranging from slight discomfort to intense agony.

He shaves layers off his fingers, drives needles through arteries and veins and actually probes the muscle and bone formations of his body.

WHAT he seeks to find is to what an extent the pain apparatus of the human body is distinct from our sense of touch and feel, why a tiny cut may sicken and a bad fracture of a limb be painless under certain circumstances, and so on.

He suffers so that those who come after him may go through life scarcely ever feeling pain, just as we, to-day, through the self-sacrifice of medical explorers who came before him, think with horror of the agonies suffered at the hands of the surgeons of hundreds of years ago by the unfortunate patients of those days.

Dr. Bernard Spilsbury, the famous Home Office expert, often carries out experiments on himself. Quite recently he inhaled large quantities of deadly carbon monoxide so that he could find out its effects by actual experience.

Professor Haldane, the noted bio-chemist, is another who is always discovering new medical fastnesses into which he can probe.

On one occasion, in searching for a new cure for diabetes, he allowed his body to be made acid enough to produce an artificial diabetic condition, and then submitted to painful operations at the hands of his colleagues, *without an anæsthetic*, to enable them to make tests of his spinal fluid and the blood in his arteries.

On another occasion he shut himself in a glass chamber until he was breathing what was little different from pure carbon dioxide, so that experiments could be made as to the effects of acids and alkalis on the human body.

HE has at times made his body so acid that it was virtually a chemical factory, and at others so alkaline that he has been almost a human chalk-pit. He has made his liver into a human seidlitz powder. He has introduced into his body "under false pretences"—no details have been given—acids that would have dissolved his teeth and burnt out his throat if taken by the mouth.

With Doctor H. W. Davies, who has also run great personal risks in the course of his researches, he tried the effects of breathing at the fastest rate possible to see what happened.

When they had long passed the stage of boat-race exhaustion, and were, in fact, in a state of collapse, examination was made of the various functions of the body.

They were at least luckier than a colleague named Dr. Goldman. After half an hour of furious breathing he uttered a scream and went into a general convulsion, falling heavily with every muscle in his body contracted, his limbs stretched out stiff and his back arched.

When he came round he was rather shy about it, as if he owed an apology; yet his collapse taught medical science enough about the sickness and cramp that affect prospective mothers to more than justify his self-sacrifice.

The courage of these medical explorers does not belong to one sex only. Dr. Esther M. Killick, of Leeds University, gassed herself with carbon monoxide to watch the effects, and lives to turn the results to good account.

NOR is this courage a rare quality in medical men and women. When the medical students of "Bart's" Hospital were asked last year whether they would allow themselves to be infected with influenza colds to enable the doctors to study the effects of different inoculations, there was not one waverer.

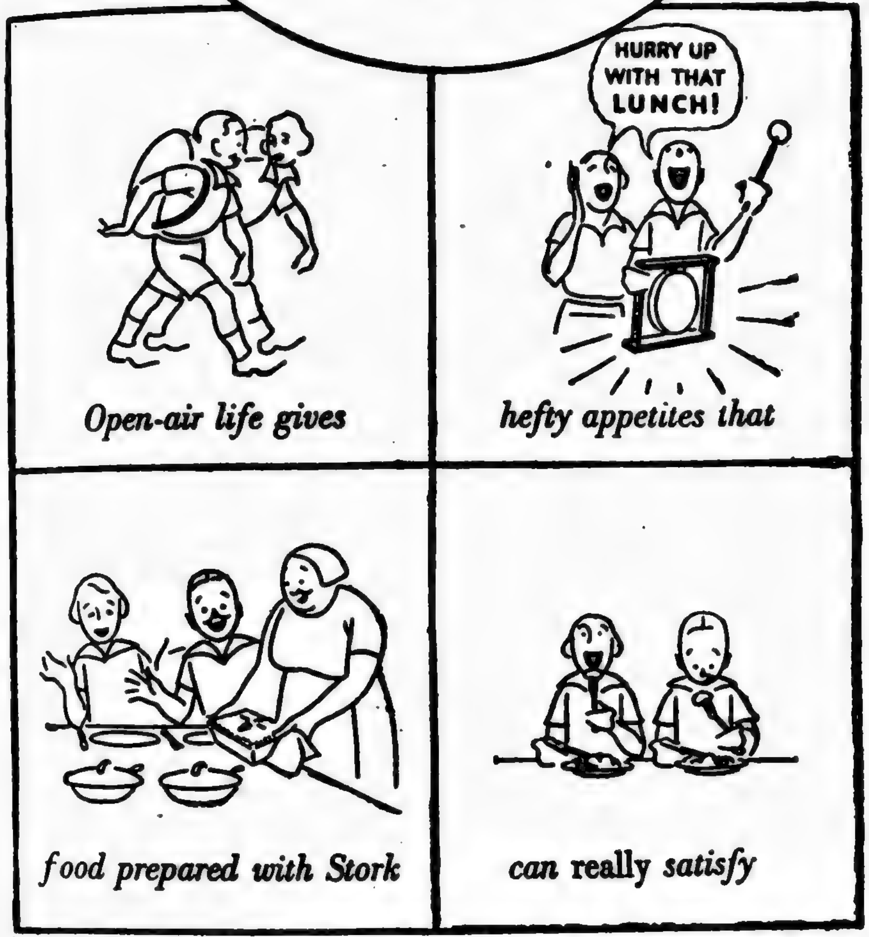
Our doctors put the veterinary surgeons of Britain to the test a few months ago—and found them not wanting in this courage that makes men of medicine generally, whether concerned with animal or human treatment, heroes almost to a man.

They wanted to know whether certain animal diseases spread to the bodies of the human beings who came into close contact with them. The best way was to examine the arterial blood of those veterinary surgeons who are always treating those diseases.

A hundred "vets" were asked to volunteer for tests. And a hundred consented and submitted to the painful operation involved.

These are but a few examples of the risks the explorers of medicine take cheerfully on behalf of those they are pledged by their professional oaths to serve. Think of them when some nonentity says that the spirit of exploration is dead.

Lunch with a punch!


HURRY UP WITH THAT LUNCH!

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The better way of making

VEAL AND HAM PIE

Turn to page 12 of the Stork Cookery Book for a nice, easy recipe for flaky pastry.

Cut 1 lb. veal into dice, carefully removing all fat. Season with salt and pepper.

Stew the veal with herbs for about 1 hour. Boil 1 egg hard and cut into neat slices,

Place veal and sliced egg with 1 oz. bacon or ham, cut up into pieces, in a pie dish.

Cover with pastry, flake the edges and ornament with cut leaves of pastry. Glaze with egg yolk.

Make a good-sized hole in the pastry for steam to escape. Bake ¾ hour. Regulo Mark 7.

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He's got a good mother!

Shut out infection from cuts, protect burns and scalds with "Vaseline" Jelly. Doctors say it is a perfect protection. Apply it after cleansing the injury.

NURSE CARPENTER, of one of London's leading lying-in hospitals, says: "We are very careful to protect our babies from chafing. Every time they are changed we smooth 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly on the parts exposed to moisture. Constant moisture robs skin of its natural oils — makes it chafe easily. Babies' skin especially, for it is at least twice as tender as a grown-up's!

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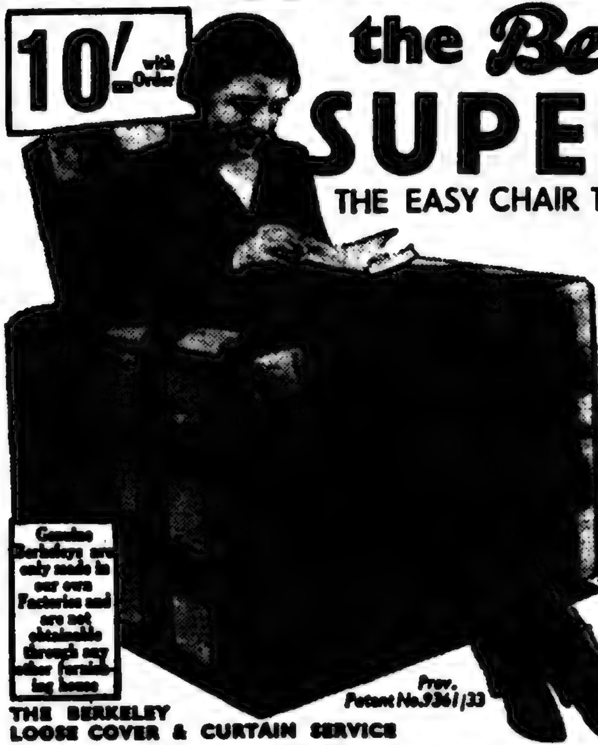

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NOW
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K.346. Quite the smartest dress you ever had, giving the latest wide shoulder line. In heavy-quality Art. Silk Pebble Crepe. Set off with Velveteen on the smartly cut sleeves, revers and belt. Elegant fan-pleated skirt with metal buttons.

On approval for 1/6 deposit. Balance 2/6 monthly. Exceptional Bargain Price 10/11.

Sizes: SW. 44, W. 46, 48. WX. 48, OS. 48. WX. 1/- extra; OS. 2/- extra.

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Please send me, on approval, Frock No. K. 346, at present Bargain Price of 10/11. A

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(Please give both size and length required.)

I enclose 1/6 deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/6. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

Enclose this Coupon with full name and address and Postal Order crossed thus / /.

Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

John Bull 12/5/34 No. 909.

In Black, Dark Saxe, Nigger Brown, Cranberry Red.

Post your Order to—
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London - - - S.W.1.

2 YEARS STOMACH AGONY ENDED IN TWO MINUTES

Here is the story of a painter, a simple story but one pregnant with meaning for every stomach sufferer. It is an unsolicited letter from Mr. C. T. W.—, of Colville Road, Walthamstow.

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The Young Man of the Mountains

ARE you going mountaineering this Whitsun? No, not in the Alps of Switzerland, but in England, Scotland or Wales.

Real mountaineering—not just hikes in the hills over passes and mountain paths, although that's pleasant enough. Real rock-climbing, with a rope and mountain boots, specially nailed—just as in the Everest expedition, except that, in Britain in summer, you won't need an ice-axe.

Once considered mainly as a hobby for the leisured class, mountaineering is now fast becoming a popular pastime. The great development of hiking, rambling and camping has brought innumerable people to the hill districts of Britain where rock-climbing is practicable, and many of them—particularly among the younger people—are becoming enamoured of this fascinating sport.

And there is no reason to sneer at British rock-climbing, for there are rock faces here which are as difficult and arduous as any in the Alps, and which require as much training and experience to tackle.

The difference is that they start lower down—one does not have to ascend long mountain slopes to approach them. In other words, the rocks and crags in this country are similar to those you would encounter high up in the Alps.

Don't go alone

Just as much caution is needed here, too, for a fall of 60 or 100 feet is as fatal as one of 500! And here a word of warning should be uttered.

Let no untried amateur essay rock-climbing alone. He must only make his first efforts in the company of experienced climbers. Nearly all the fatalities in our hills arise from the fact that inexperienced climbers—unversed in rope management—have foolhardily gone out unguided.

The three great rock-climbing districts are the Lakeland fell district, North Wales, with Snowdonia, and the Scottish hills, with which we may include the famous climbing area of the Isle of Skye.

Then, in Derbyshire and Yorkshire there is some "gritstone" climbing, but this is very difficult and treacherous going, owing to the crumbly nature of the rock, although not so high as the Lake or Welsh hills. And London mountaineers keep in form by occasional climbing practice among the sandstone rocks of Tunbridge Wells.

Two reasons existed for the lack of general interest in mountaineering until a few years ago—the cost of the journey to the hills for those who lived some distance away; and the somewhat expensive rates charged by the few, and rather exclusive, hotels which could be used as a base for climbing parties.

But nowadays we have our reduced rail and coach fares, and our cyclists, motor-cyclists and hikers. And this has brought into existence a more reasonable form of catering to their needs by farms and inns in the vicinity of the mountains.

It's an art

Also there are youth hostels in some of the climbing areas—at the foot of Snowdon, for example, and on the Glyders. Some climbers are also campers, and their camp forms their base. And the development of local 'bus services now permits of climbers staying in neighbouring villages and riding in four or five miles to their climbing.

What are the pre-requisites of a climber? Ask any old cragsman and he will tell you that they are physical fitness, keen eyesight, sound nerves—and courage. Also, incidentally, you mustn't suffer from that nervous affliction known as "being afraid of heights."

Lakeland's Great Gable. You u need coolness and courage as well as a rope to conquer it

For climbing is an art, and it takes some learning. It is a long way from the tentative first easy climbs of the beginner to the arduous ascents made by the hardened and practised cragsman.

To ascend a perpendicular rock face which, to the unpractised eye, appears to be a sheer surface, means trusting one's body to minute finger-holds and toe-holds.

For this one must learn "balance"—a highly valued and essential quality in the climber. You must not hug the rock, your tutor will tell you, but balance your body on your toes and finger-tips solely. If you crouch forward, your feet may shoot out! And then you will be glad of the rope round your waist.

That is the other essential feature of climbing lore, after "balance"—rope management. The rope means safety, if properly used, but it may mean added danger if used wrongly.

Two or three will be on the rope—old climbers don't believe in having more. Great responsibility rests upon the leader, whose business it is to ascend the first "pitch," or stage between stances, and then to come to rest at some suitable projection where you make fast—or "belay," as it is termed—the rope. Then the second man climbs to the stance, belaying in his turn to make all safe for the third.

Meantime, the leader is negotiating the second stage—and so it goes on.

Such precautions, of course, are not necessary at easy stages of the climb. And, incidentally, there are climbs and climbs—they are classified, in the guides which are published for mountaineers or in the advice of local experts, as moderate, difficult, very difficult, severe and very severe. And, for the real novice, there are even some which are easy, although the old-timer would hardly call them real climbs.

Balance and rope-management—which includes belaying and the making of mountaineer's knots—must be learned. Then there is "chimneying"—how to act when climbing within a narrow cleft.

A brotherly people

It is apparent that real skill is needed in mountaineering, and that it may only be acquired by actual experience under the guidance of seasoned climbers.

How, then, shall our young intending mountaineer go about its acquisition?

It is not so difficult. First, he must possess his mountaineering kit. A pair of mountain boots is the first consideration, and an all-important one. Well fitting, strong boots, properly nailed, are essential. There are some climbs which are better tackled with rubber gym. shoes, but they are not for the beginner.

Climbing boots are listed by sports dealers at about 45s., although some quote a cheaper price. You can get your climbing rope for about 12s. the 60 foot length. Warm, easy clothes and breeches should be worn.

The next step is guidance. You may obtain it by just going to the Lake District or some other mountain area, and asking any climber to take you up. Provided you are fit, you will not be refused. Climbers are companionable and brotherly people, always willing to initiate an aspirant into their mysteries.

Or you may join a club which accepts novices. Not all do this; some of the older clubs require that the intending member possess some knowledge of climbing. But new clubs are to-day being formed in many parts of the country, and they are essentially democratic in character, and welcome the beginner.

There is, for example, the Mountaineering Section of the Camping Club, subscription to which is 10s. annually. There is the old-established Wayfarers' Club, which also costs you 10s. a year. Some of its members were with the Everest Expedition.

Old hands help

There are local clubs, such as the Sheffield Climbing Club, with a "sub." of 9d. a month, or the Nottingham Mountaineering Club, which trains its own members. And many others with moderate subscription and with experienced members who are only too glad to assist untried youngsters who are eager to climb.

The older clubs are also accommodating themselves to the new birth of interest in rock-climbing. The famous Fell and Rock Climbing Club, one of the oldest in the country—with both men and women members—which formerly accepted fairly experienced climbers has now decided that at its Club Meets the names of beginners should be collected as well as of experienced climbers who are willing to act as instructors, with the object of bringing them together.

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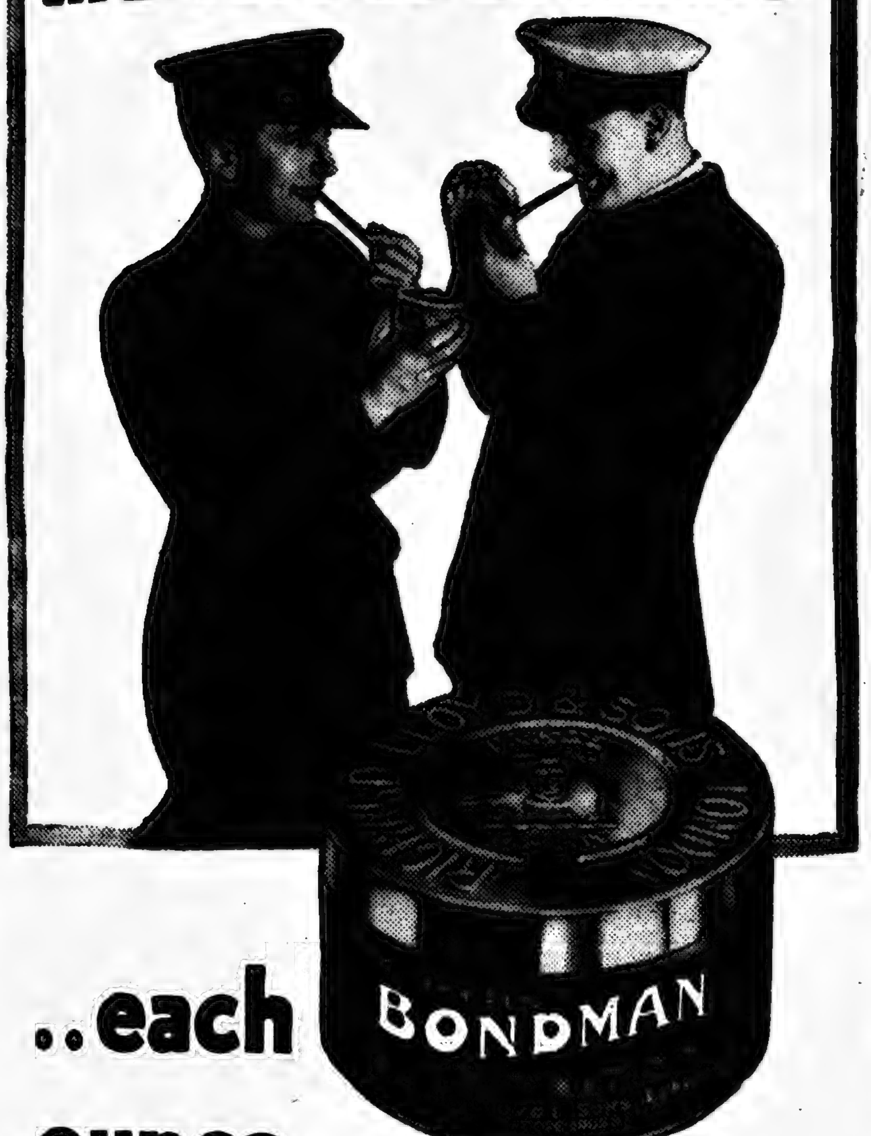

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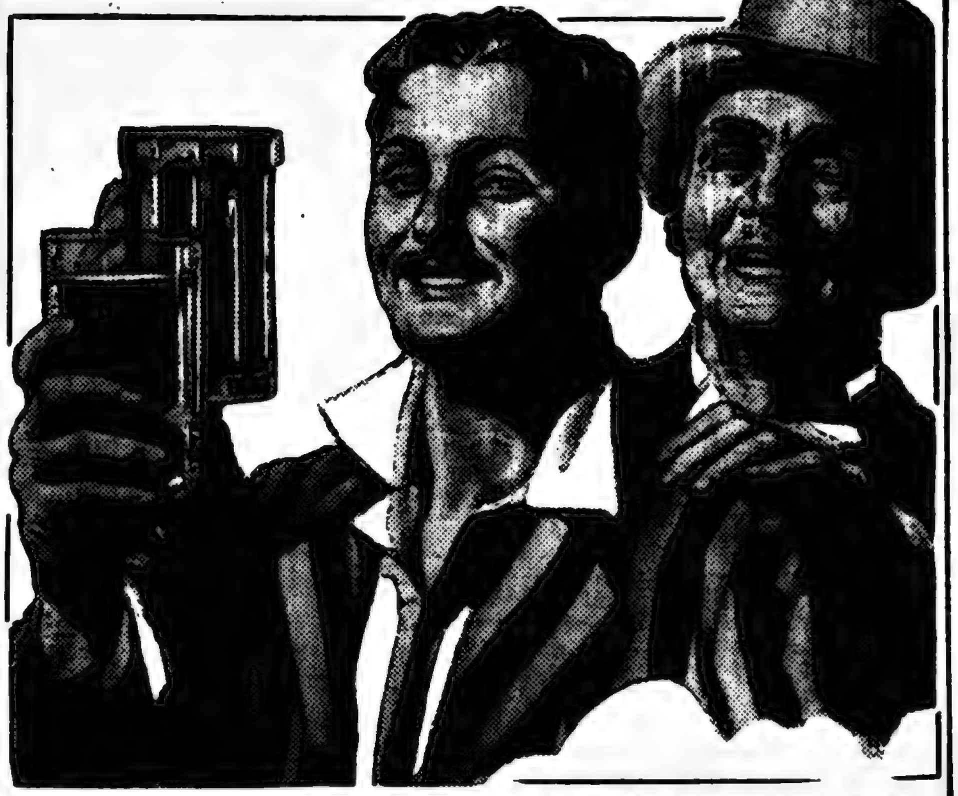

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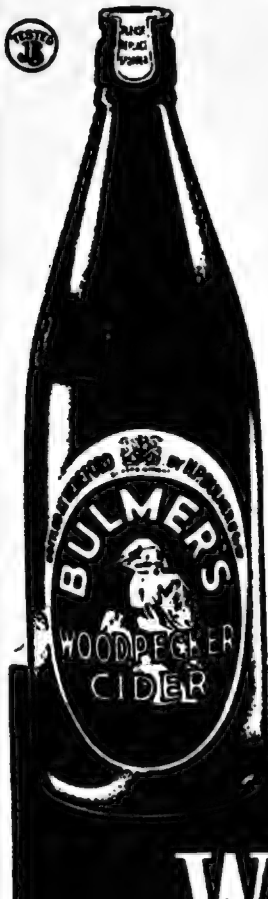

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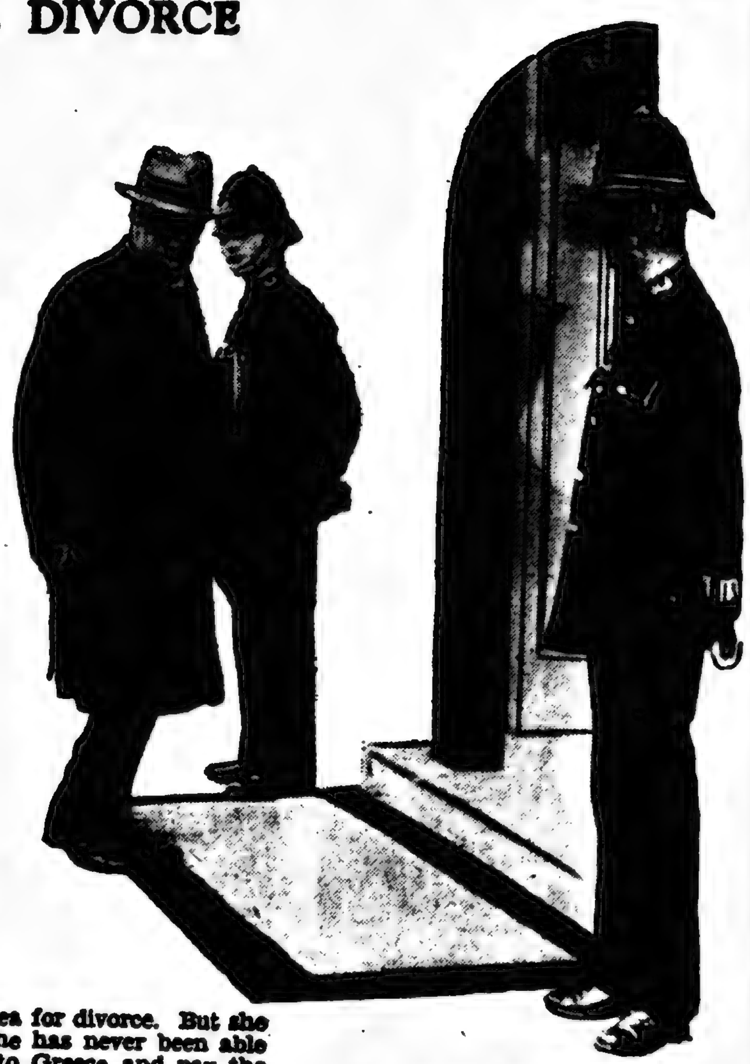

The Law closes the door to divorce, but the Lord Chancellor whom you see on the left has, however, to unlock it

IN a trim little villa in London's dockland there lives an Englishwoman who for years has been slaving away *to buy* herself freedom and the right to live a normal family life.

Ten years ago she married a South American sailor. Two years after the marriage he left her and left the sea, settling down to a shore job in his own country. Since that time he has made no effort to support her.

Four years ago she met a young machinist in the factory where she works, and they were anxious to marry. After many months of expensive searching by correspondence and enquiries she succeeded in tracing her husband, who was then living with another woman.

Eagerly she went to the British courts—to be told flatly that with all the evidence in the world they would not and could not free her from her husband; that British law recognises only the domicile of the husband for divorce purposes; that if she wanted her divorce she must go to her husband's country and make her application in their courts.

So that woman and the man she wants to marry have been working and saving, taking on extra jobs when their day's work is done, not to put money by for their future home, *but so that the woman can journey five thousand miles to a foreign country and stay there long enough to get her freedom.*

That is not a tale out of Bedlam.

It is one case, one instance, of a problem which is confronting countless deserted wives in Britain to-day.

Mrs. Putnam Eaton, whose case recently received much publicity in the newspapers, is another. She married an American. She can only get a divorce by following her husband to the U.S.A. and pleading her case there. *And American regulations will not allow her to stay in that country long enough to establish a domicile!*

The further we go into this question of domicile and English divorce law the madder it appears, the more brutally and grossly unfair.

No remedy

In Liverpool there is living a woman who eight years ago married an Italian. He left her four years ago with two children and went back to Italy, where he still is. She, too, wants to marry again, and got the same answer from the British courts—"follow your husband to his own country and try there." By painful saving and by borrowing she got together sufficient money to go to Italy. When she got there she found ample evidence to divorce her husband —but *there is no such thing as civil divorce in Italy.*

So she has had to come back to England again, tied for life to a man who has calmly disavowed her and has no intention of ever supporting her or the children. And she has no remedy whatsoever.

In Cardiff is another woman who married a Greek ship's officer at the register office there fifteen years ago. The last time she saw him was twelve years ago. Ten years ago another woman living in a Mediterranean town was applying to the company employing him for allowances, as his wife.

The real wife in Cardiff got to know that fact and used it, with other evidence, in a plea for divorce. But she never got it. She has never been able to afford to go to Greece and pay the legal fees demanded there, so she stays married—to a man she has not seen for twelve years.

But these are the cases of Englishwomen who have married foreigners. Let us take a glance nearer home.

How many people realise that, two hundred years after the Act of Union, *Scotland* is still a foreign country as far as English divorce laws are concerned?

Savage doctrine

Let us take one case out of the many thousands. An Englishwoman married in Scotland and a few years after the marriage her husband became unemployed. She came to London and got a job, sending him money towards his support. Eventually he got a job, but then he wanted her no longer. He had found someone else.

When the wife applied for a divorce she was told that she must sue in the Scottish courts, as that was her husband's domicile. To do so she had either to proceed by lengthy and expensive affidavits, or to establish a residence in Scotland. The first measure she could not afford and the second was out of the question, as it meant giving up the job in London which was her sole means of livelihood.

So she, too, stays married to a worthless husband, until such time as he may want to marry again and so put forth some effort for their mutual release. But she must wait on a move from him.

Of all the grievous evils caused by unequal treatment of the sexes in the law this question of domicile in divorce is by far the worst. It nullifies all the victories so far won by women to get themselves removed from the legal position of being a husband's chattel. The most fundamental right, the right to their own domicile in law, they have not got.

Almost alone of all civilised countries England has stuck to this savage doctrine, operating always against the woman. Its results can be summarised quite briefly.

If the husband deserts to another State then the wife must follow him there to get relief. If there is no divorce in that State, in such places, say, as Newfoundland, Italy or even Guernsey, then so much the worse for her. Or if the husband goes to a country where the onus in divorce is on the man.

One Englishwoman recently went all the way out to China, where her British husband had established his domicile, only to find that according to Chinese law only husbands could obtain divorce. *Hers* refused to free her, and so she had to come home again with all her time and money spent for nothing.

Numerous judges have spoken against this gross injustice, and the burden of misery and social disaster it brings.

Do it now!

It has nothing to do with the question of nationality, and nothing to do with what are called the substantive laws of divorce in this country. It could be remedied without affecting them in the slightest.

Successive governments have tried to excuse lack of action on the grounds that it is a matter for international law. But this very question of domicile in divorce was discussed as long ago as 1902, when Great Britain signed a convention at The Hague agreeing to the need for similar jurisdiction with all countries on this matter.

Thirty years after, in 1932, the International Law Conference at Oxford again pointed out how Britain could alter this grievous evil without touching the fabric of our divorce laws.

To-day, after generations of legal quibbling and haggling, there is sitting a semi-secret body appointed by the Lord Chancellor called the Anomalies Committee which is solemnly sending round-robins to the women's associations asking them for instances of these domicile grievances.

There should be no necessity at this date for further committees to consider the matter. The evidence is piled along the years.

This mockery on even justice can be ended by the simplest of legislative Acts. Through Sir Donald Somerville, the Solicitor-General, the Government recently stated that it did not "think it practical to alter the general principles of the Law." It should think again.

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FRANK:
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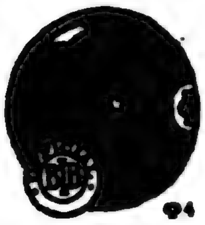

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NO NATION'S LAND

—and the Devil to pay!

"Gee-Gee" Knox, the Englishman who rules in "Nobody's Land"

A VOLCANO in the very heart of Europe . . . a kind of county without a country, which more than anything else is disrupting relations between Hitler and France, and which, strangest thing of all, is ruled over by an Englishman . . . is once more in violent eruption.

It is the Saar—that stretch of rich and coveted land between France and Germany which was handed over to the League of Nations after the war. And within its narrow borders is boiling up today a mad political brew that threatens the whole peace of Europe.

At the head of the League's Commission which is trying to keep order in this chaotic storm-centre of opposing factions is Mr. Geoffrey Knox, a modest ex-counsellor of one of Britain's embassies in the East.

You probably have never heard of him before, yet he is a man of the moment who is bringing to his present unenviable task a touch of Machiavelli, a hint of Mussolini, a dash of Lord Trenchard, a flavouring of Lord Snowden.

And—as you will see—he needs it all.

The Saar was taken from Germany in 1919 and placed under the League of Nations for fifteen years. That period is nearly up. In a few months there is to be a plebiscite, and the inhabitants will be asked to vote whether (1) they wish to go back to Germany, (2) become French, (3) or remain under the League of Nations.

The people of this No-Nation's Country have been German for a hundred years, and German is the language spoken. The coinage is French francs. The police and civil servants are German. The Customs and Excise is French, and so are the chief industries—coal and iron.

TO help him in running this strange mixture of interests Mr. Knox has a commission of four—a Finn, a Jugoslav, a Frenchman and a Saarlander.

Above all, the Englishman's biggest task is to see that the plebiscite, when it comes off, is run fairly and squarely, and to hold in check all intrigues that aim at affecting the issue before the time.

He is the chief actor in the great drama of events which is now taking place in that little land, where the red glare at night from its innumerable blast furnaces is symbolical of the part it may yet play in Europe's affairs.

Saarbrucken, its capital, would not at first impress you as a place where wild adventure, where fantastic and improbable happenings are of daily occurrence. It is a quiet, clean, little town of gabled roofs and tree-lined streets, looking what it is—a specimen town preserved almost intact from the Middle Ages.

Its people are prosperous, well dressed and contented. (Imagine a Durham which could always sell what it produced and had never known a week's unemployment in generations.)

The cafés are crowded all day with a jolly, peaceful crowd, most of them living up to the Saar's reputation of drinking twice as much beer per head as is done in Germany.

You would hear no politics discussed, and there are no uniforms in the streets except those of the small force of a thousand police who cover the territory. There are no parades, no clusters of flags.

But underneath all this smiling, Ruritanian peace there is hell let loose. There is a reign of terror. Whatever the days may appear to the casual glance, at night things begin to happen.

The reason is that a year ago Hitler decided to take a hand in the coming plebiscite. If there was to be voting the people were to vote only one way—to go back to German dominion.

In spite of the fact that the Saar, being 99 per cent. German, might be expected to vote German, Hitler was worried about the outcome. For the Saarlanders belong to pre-Nazi Germany, and most of them have not liked what has been happening in the Fatherland.

Again, 75 per cent. of the Saarlanders are Roman Catholics, and the Vatican has broken with Berlin. "What if the Saar voted to stay with the League of Nations?" said Hitler.

So hordes of Hitler's bullies, of spies, propagandists, and *agents provocateurs* have descended on this little county and, financed from Berlin, have been busy stirring up strife.

First, house-to-house canvasses were made with forms for the householders to fill up expressing their intention to vote Nazi at the plebiscite. If a citizen refused he was calmly threatened, "Wait till after the plebiscite."

A few weeks ago a trade union leader who objected to such intimidation being brought to bear on men in his factory, was decoyed into a back room of a café and there brutally kicked. The State police, who are officially under the control of the League of Nations commission were present, but all they did was to hustle the man's two sons out and prevent them from helping their father.

The police ranks and the civil service have been penetrated by Hitler's emissaries who are there to protect their comrades from arrest. Telephone conversations are "listened in" on, and letters opened. A "black list" of all those inhabitants who refuse to knuckle under to this campaign of intimidation has been compiled, and all those on the list have been informed of what is going to happen to them "when the Saar goes back to Germany."

UNDER the direction of Herr Spaniol, a twenty-nine-year-old Nazi, a campaign of terrorism has been built up.

All night long powerful cars travel along the roads between Saarbrucken and the German frontier fetching and carrying the terror gangs. Sometimes they have other cargo. Kidnappings into Germany of so-called "traitors" have been proceeding on a wholesale scale.

Another instance of this terrorism is the case of Herr Braun, the Socialist leader in the Saar. After bomb attacks on his house and endless threatening letters, he now goes everywhere attended by an armed bodyguard provided by the League Commission. His wife, a very beautiful woman, has never been seen outside their house since the Nazi reign of terror began.

Above all this, riding the storm, is the figure of Geoffrey Knox, the Englis diplomat. He is watching every stag in the contending intrigues, matchin every Nazi move with direct action.

Recently, when it was discovered tha the police force on whom he relies t carry out his orders was being permeated by Nazis, he sacked as many o them as he could find—and then appointed a dozen new officers fro refugee German police officers, men wh had been turned out of Germany because of their anti-Nazi sympathies.

He is fearless in carrying out his task Not only does he deal out wholesal sacking to government officials who g Nazi, but he imprisons them as well. H has banned the wearing of political uniforms and all street parades under pai of heavy sentences of imprisonment.

His success can be gauged from th furious protests of the German Press who point to "Gee Gee" Knox's caree in the East, and accuse him of "bossing good Germans as though they wer a crowd of niggers."

THAT he is uneasy about what ma yet happen is shown by the fac that he recently told the Leagu of Nations that his own police migh be insufficient to keep order and main tain the sanctity of the plebiscite, an that when the day arrived he migh require the assistance of troops o police, *from some country not directl concerned in the matter.*

From which country? Shall we ye see a contingent of London policeme a few battalions of English regiment stationed round the polling booths o the Saar to attempt to ensure "a fai field and no favour" on the day of th plebiscite—to ensure that this littl county without a country gets th country it wants?

THE CASTLE FALLS

HOME seems a place of perfec security when the storm rages an threatens outside. Seated at th fireside, one might be a knight of old look ing down from his ramparts on pun efforts to force his stronghold.

But as castles have often fallen to th attacker, so have homes to the storm.

In a township in Ayrshire, for instanc is a house as stout as you would wish t find.

Yet it was not proof against on freakish whim of the 80 miles-an-hou gale that raged, carrying rain with it.

One incredible gust lifted almost th entire roof of a building opposite an threw it against the attics of this hom

Windows and wall-fabric were force into the house. Furniture was crushe And into the aperture came the rain an whistling gale to do further damage to th contents.

It was a serious misfortune for th family living there. It would have bee far worse if they had had to pay for th great damage to their household goods.

But JOHN BULL saw to that, with cheque that was soon in the hands of th sufferers—their reward for the simple pr caution of filling up, at no cost at a such a form as you will find now o page

She was "in a very bad state" because her Blood was IRON-STARVED

Medical investigations show that nearly all of us need MORE IRON in our blood. Particularly women. For a woman's life, doctors say, *"is one long fight against IRON-STARVATION."*

To take ordinary stimulants and "pick-me-ups" is waste of time and money. *Go to the root of the trouble* — strengthen your blood with MORE IRON, by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

As your blood absorbs the strengthening IRON, see how quickly your strength returns, how much happier and high-spirited you are.

Has taken Iron Jelloids three months and now feels fine

And when, in the mirror, you see the bloom of health in your cheeks, the rich lustre in your hair, the animation in your eyes, you, too, will want to "add praise and thanks for the wonderful IRON 'JELLOIDS.'"

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *do not blacken the teeth* or upset the digestion. Everybody can afford them. The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box, 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day.

Her Letter says:

"I should like to add my praise and thanks for your wonderful Iron 'Jelloids.' I have taken them regularly for three months and NOW I FEEL FINE. I was in a very bad state of Anaemia. TO-DAY I FEEL ALIVE AND WELL, NO FAINTING. My neighbours and relations remark on my change and I shall always recommend Iron 'Jelloids' as a splendid and cheap remedy for Anaemia. I shall continue taking them now and again."

Miss J——

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anaemic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a
Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

DEAF

NEW OSSI-VIBRO

This tiny aid, based on a simple and natural principle, is not affected by movement of any description—working, playing, walking, riding, etc. The new Ossi-Vibro fits well into the cavity of the ear, and, being flesh-coloured, is almost imperceptible. It battles successfully with all forms and degrees of deafness: Perforated Eardrums, Blocked Eustachian Tubes, Otosclerosis, etc. Your own ears are made to work; even the most stubborn cases can enjoy sensitive hearing without strain, worry or inconvenience and AT A REASONABLE COST.

Every one guaranteed and will last a lifetime. Absolutely harmless and inconspicuous.

CALL AND HEAR

or please forward coupon below for particulars of FREE HOME TEST.

Kindly send me full particulars of how I may test your NEW ALL-BRITISH DEAF AID in my own home, amidst my own friends and relations, without fee or obligation.

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V. A. FOOT, F.I.P.I., Sole Inventor,
447, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1
Opposite Selfridge's. 'Phone: Mayfair 1528/9.
And at 62, MARKET ST., MANCHESTER
'Phone: Deansgate 3065.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

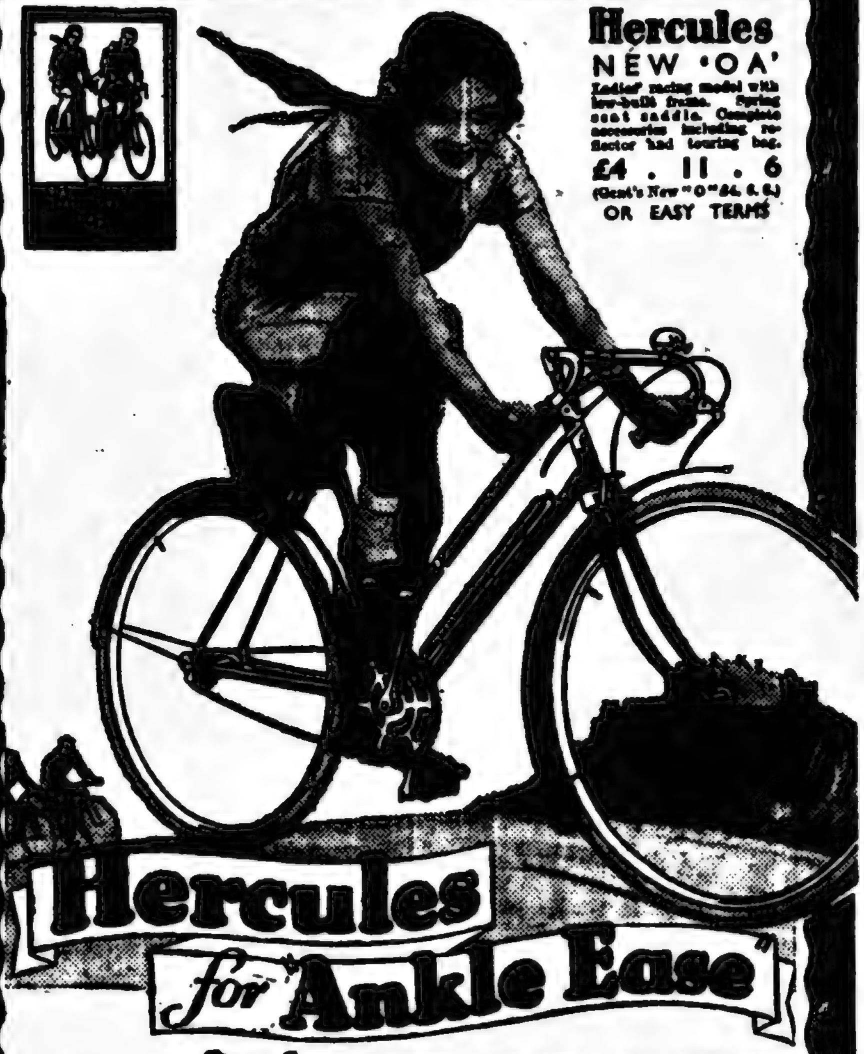
and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure-acting CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and 3/-.



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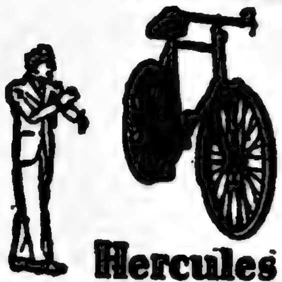
NEW 'OA'
Ladies' racing model with low-built frame. Spring seat saddle. Complete accessories including reflector and touring bag.
£4 . 11 . 6
(Gent's New "O" £4. 6. 6.)
OR EASY TERMS



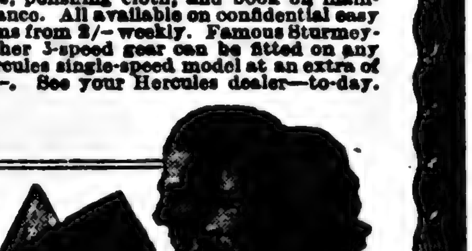
Hercules
NEW 'POPULAR'
All-British steel frame. Heaviest chromium plating. Dunlop tyres, Dunlop rims and Dunlop waterproof saddle. Accessories.
£3 . 19 . 9
OR ON EASY TERMS

Hercules
NEW POPULAR 'L'
Details as Men's New "Popular." Chain case. Dress guard. Complete with Accessories. Heaviest chromium plating.
£4 . 5 . 9
OR ON EASY TERMS

Compare this happy girl with the stiff-backed lady cyclist of a few years ago! What a difference! And what a tribute to Hercules! Hercules have outstripped all old-time fashions and fallacies and given to women (as well as to men) a range of cycles so sweet running, so perfectly balanced, so thoroughly sound and good—that millions to-day are confirming to their friends that Hercules are, without doubt, the sweetest running cycles—the best that money can buy. You enjoy perfect ankle-riding ease. Ride a Hercules—made and guaranteed for fifty years by the world's largest firm of cycle engineers.

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

Hercules roadsters from £3.19.9. Racers from £4.6.6. Ladies' models from £4.5.9. All models have frames of all-British steel, Dunlop tyres and rims, heaviest chromium plating and accessories, including reflector, bell, toolbag, spanners, oil-can, pump, pump clips, polishing cloth, and book on maintenance. All available on confidential easy terms from 2/- weekly. Famous Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear can be fitted on any Hercules single-speed model at an extra of 20/-. See your Hercules dealer—to-day.



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How much longer are you going to neglect slight or serious symptoms of indigestion? We tell you and can prove that the truly wonderful new-principle remedy —De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion—will most surely help you to end your trouble.

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DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER FOR INDIGESTION 1/6

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HEALTHY KIDNEYS REMOVE
URIC ACID

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SHARP TWINGES
STABBING PAINS
SWOLLEN JOINTS

Here is Relief in 24 Hours!

Rheumatism is the most cruel of health troubles. Once let the impurities and poisons that start rheumatism find a place in your blood, and your danger—serious danger—has started.

You must fight rheumatism all the time. Give the dread enemy no chance to wear you out, weaken your heart, or make you a bundle of irritated nerves.

With absolute confidence, we say that the quickest, surest remedy for rheumatic pains, lumbago, chronic backache, sciatica, uric acid troubles, loss of vigour or bladder weakness is De Witts Pills.

In 24 hours these pills show how they are acting through the kidneys to purify the blood, clearing away the poisons and impurities that cause your agonising pain. Refuse all substitutes. Be sure you ask for

DE WITTS BRAND Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-. Larger, more economical size, 5/-.

Wonders They Work by TELEPHONE

THE last rehearsal that great composer, Sir Edward Elgar, ever conducted was directed from his sick-bed *over the telephone.*

The orchestra was playing in St. John's Wood, London. Sir Edward Elgar, from his home in Worcestershire, listened and told them exactly what he wanted them to do.

This modern miracle was made possible by the installation of a special transmitter and a loudspeaker *in the studio.* Sir Edward Elgar used his ordinary telephone.

It is only one of the many strange triumphs of the telephone.

Whenever a gramophone record is made it is the custom for the completed record to be played over in the studio, in the presence of the artist, or, in the case of an orchestra or band, in the presence of the conductor, before it is released.

On several occasions singers have been ill and unable to attend at the studio for the "try out." It has also happened with one or two famous conductors. Then they had recourse to the telephone.

A special mouthpiece was fitted, the record was played over near it and the musician at the other end listened to his performance.

Their audience is on the other side of the earth. Stars of the film, "I Was a Spy," speak their parts from Shepherd's Bush to Australia

Married—telephonically

Artists have sometimes owed engagements to these strange telephone "calls." A few years ago, when "hot rhythm" was still something new in this country, an enterprising London impresario listened on the telephone to a record of a famous American jazz band.

After the agent in New York had put on one or two "numbers," the impresario was satisfied that they would be a hit in this country and a contract was signed.

Business *conferences* are now commonly held by telephone. The head of a firm in London, with branches in, say, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Birmingham, and Bristol, may wish to confer with the managers of all these branches about some particular problem.

Instead of having them all come up to London, he can arrange with the telephone authorities for a "conference call." By means of loudspeaker telephones, installed in each of the offices, and a special line connecting them all into a single "circuit," they hold their conference just as effectively as if they were all together in the one room.

Not so long ago a marriage ceremony was performed by telephone, with the bride in America and the bridegroom in London. Unfortunately, this enterprising couple discovered later that the marriage was not legal.

But marriage proposals on the telephone are common. The record is probably held by an ardent lover in London. There had been a quarrel and the girl had broken off the engagement. In order to get away and forget she fled to Canada.

But if she wanted to escape her wooer, she had reckoned without the telephone.

Determined to win her back, her suitor rang her up.

"No," she said, most emphatically. Nothing could be done about it.

But even at £2 a minute he was not to be daunted. He rang her up repeatedly and soon ran up an account for something like £40.

Finally, impressed perhaps with an ardour that was so reckless of the cost of repeated telephone calls, the girl capitulated.

Her long-distance lover thought it was worth it!

Absent—present

There is pathos, too, in some of the stories that may be told of the unusual uses to which telephones can be put.

A man living in one of the South Coast towns recently suffered a bitter bereavement in the loss of his wife.

He, too, was ill—so desperately ill that he could not leave his bed to attend the funeral. But he could not bear the enforced absence from his dear one's funeral.

Then he thought of the telephone. Kind officials installed a transmitter at the graveside and laid a line to the nearest exchange, and, lying in bed, the bereaved husband was able to follow the whole of the burial service.

And recently there was an historic example of this when the King of the Belgians was buried, for the service was telephoned, via London, to New York, and then broadcast all over America.

The ceremony of swearing-in the new king was likewise transmitted on the following day.

Early this year, when the film "I Was a Spy" was released in Sydney, the principal actors and actresses in the cast, including Madeline Carroll, Conrad Veidt and Sir Gerald du Maurier, assembled at a studio in Shepherd's Bush and for an hour spoke their parts to their Australian audiences over the telephone.

Telephonic family reunions, between parents in England and sons and daughters overseas, have been arranged in the same way.

A microphone, similar to those used in broadcasting, is installed in each home, together with a loudspeaker. In this way a son, who had migrated to Canada twenty years ago, enjoyed his first Christmas party with the old folks.

Everybody could hear what was going on. The son could speak to his parents, and they could speak to him, and—more wonderful still—to their grandchildren that they had never seen.

The party lasted seventeen minutes, and the strange thing about it was that in Montreal it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon and in London it was 9 o'clock in the evening.

Ten-minute party

A similar party was given by a man in Birmingham to his son in Cape Town. It lasted ten minutes, and the difference in time between the two places was between two and three hours.

Not very long ago the Electrical Power and Communication Engineers gave a dinner in North Wales. And Dr. Deitze, a famous German engineer, was asked to speak at it.

But he did not have to travel to England to do it. Instead he was able to sit comfortably in his home in Berlin, speaking into his own telephone. At the dinner his speech came through a loudspeaker and everybody heard him just as if he had been present in the room.

At the same dinner Mr. Newport, another engineer, far away in Cairo, also made a speech—by telephone!

Not so long ago the Postmaster-General, Sir Kingsley Wood, was in Plymouth, opening the new Post Office there.

In other parts of the town three new buildings were being opened—a sorting office, a postman's office, and another post office.

Standing in the post office Sir Kingsley released the foundation-stones suspended over their respective positions in three separate places at once, and pronounced them "well and truly laid," simply by pressing a button attached to his telephone!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

LINCOLNSHIRE STAR:—"Two persons took part in the whist drive."

IRISH INDEPENDENT:—"Miss —— wore a write chiffon frock and halo headdress of PEARS."

THE "NEWS":—"The place was built over a hundred years ago by a DESCENDANT of the present occupier."

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"——'s father was an Italian and his mother a SCOTSMAN."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH:—"At a signal she rose and blew out the candles, and then cut the first slice of COKE."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Pink lace in all COLOURS is popular."

YORK FOOTBALL PRESS:—"Middlesbrough's raids were dangerous. Baxter, however, made one grand, long-range SHOUT."

SOUTH WALES ECHO:—"The death of her MOTH last August was a great shock to her."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Holiday Racing— . . . better one good afternoon's RAVING than two moderate ones."

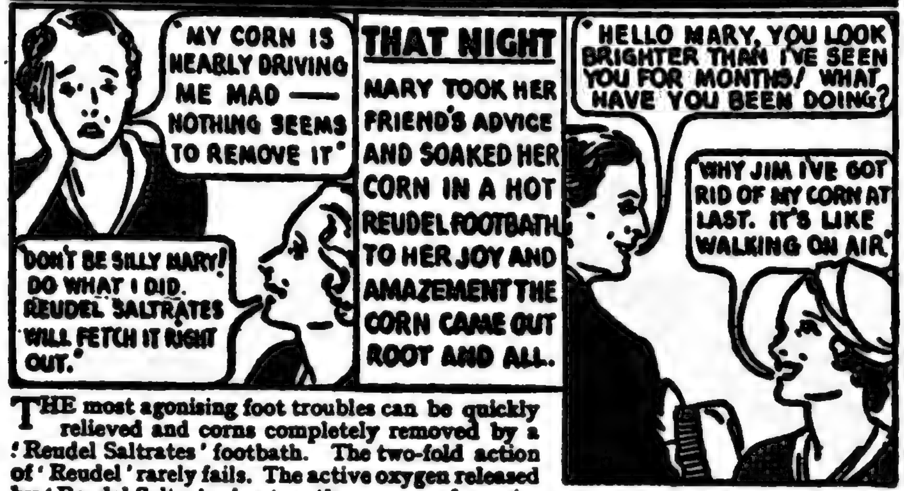
BANBURY GUARDIAN:—"He was fortunate in having as his host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. ——, whom he remembered singing a SOLO . . ."

CYCLING:—"The cycle specially designed for maximum speed with MINIMUM ease."

Constantly Powdering —yet always a SHINY NOSE!

She could never understand why until a chemist explained—"your powder absorbs the skin's natural moisture and forms a shiny paste. Now a way has been found to make face powder non-absorbent. This is the Tokalon patent process. One application of Poudre Tokalon gives a lovely smooth 'dull finish' which lasts all day. Stays on in spite of rain, wind and perspiration. Poudre Tokalon is the one face powder that is guaranteed to prevent ugly shine but *itself* never shines!" 6d. and 1/- a box.

OH! My Poor Feet


"MY CORN IS NEARLY DRIVING ME MAD — NOTHING SEEMS TO REMOVE IT"
"DON'T BE SILLY MARY! DO WHAT I DID. REUDEL SALTRATES WILL FETCH IT RIGHT OUT."
THAT NIGHT
MARY TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE AND SOAKED HER CORN IN A HOT REUDEL FOOTBATH. TO HER JOY AND AMAZEMENT THE CORN CAME OUT ROOT AND ALL.
"HELLO MARY, YOU LOOK BRIGHTER THAN I'VE SEEN YOU FOR MONTHS! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?"
"WHY JIM I'VE GOT RID OF MY CORN AT LAST. IT'S LIKE WALKING ON AIR"

THE most agonising foot troubles can be quickly relieved and corns completely removed by a 'Reudel Saltrates' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Saltrates' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'... I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J.———, M.D., O.B.E.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath *Saltrates*' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' (*the only Bath Saltrates obtainable*), and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL BATH Saltrates

Sold only in YELLOW Packets

Absolutely unequalled for ALL FOOT TROUBLES

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Larger size contains double quantity.

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"My hair was very thin and full of dandruff. *It was a tremendous relief to find that after I had used Kotalko for a few weeks there was a noticeable improvement.* My Hair is now thick and wavy, and I am able to recommend "Kotalko" with confidence."

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TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53, AD), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME..

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- Chest
- Complexion
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- Diabetes
- Eye Lotion
- Fits
- Goitre
- Hair Tonic
- Health
- Indigestion
- Influenza
- Insomnia
- Kidney
- Liver
- Nerve
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- Mus-Gar
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Post in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired). *Registered letters must be posted overnight.*

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Are you interested in Golf, Cricket, Gardening, Billiards, Fishing, Hiking, Photography, etc.? If so, fill in the coupon on the Front Cover for full particulars and entry forms of a simple and novel competition in which valuable monthly prizes are being awarded free to "John Bull" readers.

What Made Me Believe in RELIGION

HE slipped, right in the path of a fast sports car. The driver applied his brakes. But too late; the car was almost on top of its victim.

In the last second, the man screamed out two Hebrew words, "Shomi Yisroal." As if a giant hand was pushing it, the car swerved aside, and the man was saved.

He was a Jew, and the two words, meaning "Hear, O Israel," precede all Jewish prayers. Surely it was God's work which saved the man's life.—*"Jewish," Salford.*

She Sang

Saturday night was bath night. Mother rubbed and scrubbed us, and—she sang! True she hadn't much to sing about; dad had 22s. weekly, we seven lived in a back-to-back and had meat on Sundays—sometimes.

Yet she sang hymns which I'll never forget. Then from weakness, overwork and worry, she died—died in the certain belief that she was going home, and that somehow God would take care of us.

Childhood's memories fortify me in the faith which upheld mother.—*R. H., Seaham.*

Hail or Shine . . .

Seeing a grand old lady of eighty-one tottering, and having to stand to get her breath at every yard, going to church, hail, rain or sunshine, and returning with the most wonderful of smiles.

Yet me, an able-bodied, healthy man, frowning and swearing at the weather because I could not get an hour on the tennis court, although I had many more days, even years, to enjoy my sport.

This made me believe in religion.—*E. N. E., Wolverhampton.*

Prayer Answered

My little sister was very ill, and the doctor said that nothing but a miracle could save her.

I was only a child at the time, but I went out to an old shed and prayed very hard to God to send that miracle. I shall always remember my mother's face when she told me my sister had taken a turn for the better.

That's why I shall always believe in God.—*F. R. C., Camberley.*

Human Salvage

Misfortune had knocked me into the gutter, where I found myself a hopeless, homeless tramp. Early one morning a kindly Salvationist found me thinking of ending my miserable life in the Thames.

He took me to a Men's Shelter, where he gave me food and clothing, and eventually found me employment.

Since then I have never looked back; I have gone forward to gain comparative prosperity, and have acquired complete belief in the mercy of God and the goodness of mankind.—*"Boothite," Plumstead.*

A Comparison

One evening I stood on top of a green hill and looked about me.

Majestic trees with their green foliage, fields of golden corn with here and there the lissom beauty of scarlet poppies; the whole scene lit up by a gorgeous sunset.

I compared the pure perfection of this picture with the scene I had recently left—grey streets, smoke, hundreds of buildings—a modern metropolis, conceived and created by Man.

I turned away. Only a slight incident, but since then I have believed in the Great Creator.—*H. C., Brighton.*

Ruler of All

As a youthful sceptic concerning religion, I once read a book on astronomy. I learned of the vastness of our universe, of the great number of planetary systems like our own, of spaces inconceivable by man.

I was terrified, overawed by the prospect of our earth, which I saw as a ball of matter, hurtling through space with its cargo of millions of helpless humans.

How have we escaped disaster? Why are we not dashed to death against some other planet?

My disturbed brain evolved this consoling answer: there must be a Divine Ruler of all.—*"Credo," Huddersfield.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 15.

When My Conscience Pricked Me

Unafraid . .

The manager of a northern colliery showed me a tin water-bottle on which was scratched these words: "Nearer my God to Thee . . ."

It was a relic of an explosion in which eighty men lost their lives.

I've heard great preachers both here and in the United States, but despite their sincerity and reasoning power, none had such an influence as that simple message, scratched with a nail by a man who knew he was to die, yet was unafraid.—*R. W., Notts.*

Tragic Burden

When quite young I lived in a Western village. Every Sunday one of the brightest youths, then in his 'teens, went with his mother to the little chapel, though away from her he was often in mischief.

One afternoon some bathing companions slowly bore his body home, drowned through cramp. The mother met them, tears raining down her cheeks.

But as she passed us children, she said bravely: "God's will be done. He knows best." Her calm resignation conveyed an unforgettable lesson to at least one child's mind—perhaps to others.—*H. W., Greenwich.*

Necessary Preparation

My uncle was dying for two years, and knew it. In fact, he discussed his impending death with the eager anticipation one views an approaching holiday.

As I sat with him he would often ask me to help him with various studies. To me it seemed futile that a dying man should bother to study; to him it was necessary preparation for a new world.

I saw him after death, and there was an unmistakable look of realisation and satisfaction on his face. I could not help but share his faith.—*"Niece," Northants.*

"Make Daddy Better"

I remember in my harum-scarum seafaring days coming home so intoxicated that I scarcely recognised my wife and baby daughter as they stood in the open doorway waiting to welcome me.

"What's the matter with daddy, mum?" the child lisped.

"He's ill, darling," answered her mother, choking back a sob. After a while I came to my senses, and tip-toed upstairs with a view to making amends.

Passing my little daughter's bedroom, I heard: "And please God make my daddy all better." I resolved, there and then, that her prayer should in very truth be answered.—*S. A., Southampton.*

Fireside Discovery

My belief in religion came to me through the medium of wireless, and with it, a salve to my bitterness, fresh hope and courage.

I have not been inside a church for seventeen years, nor do I think I shall ever do so again. Seated quietly at my fireside I have discovered the solace of religion, sheltered from the sidelong glances and expressions of horror of my fellows.

For seventeen years ago my features were hideously distorted by the explosion of a shell.—*G. C., East Grinstead.*

* * *

To see in a village in France entirely wrecked by shellfire a figure of Christ on the Cross, whole and without a scratch. —*E. C. H., S.W.17.*

One night I looked at the moon and stars, and saw what was plainly the work of Divine Hands. Then, I was caused to believe in religion.—*S. C., Sheffield.*

I believe in religion because it was put to me by an efficient class-master who thrashed out Biblical teachings in a common-sense manner.—*G. J., Bridgend.*

I saw my best pal die murmuring: "Isn't it beautiful?"—*A. J., Selly Oak.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

COLOMBO and WINDSOR LAD

OWING to Colombo's display in the Guineas, which was not so finished as some of the critics would have liked, venturesome layers may extend the Derby odds.

My advice is to back Lord Glanely's champion if "twos" or more are obtainable, and save on Windsor Lad.

Colombo is cited as a horse with a temperament. My impression of him is that he will do just what is required.

My Code selection for the Guineas was the French colt, Easton, as I considered he was a certainty for a place. Such he proved to be, and an each-way wager showed a profit of two points.

Mr. Meyrick Good, of the *Sporting Life*, who "clocked" the Guineas, told me that he made Colombo's time 1 minute 39 seconds. Manna, the sire of Colombo, and, more recently, Cameronian, won the classic in the same time. Although good, this is not a record.

The problem of the moment is the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Handicap. Last week I suggested a modest wager on Cotoneaster, but, owing to "information," I must pass over Templeman's four-year-old in favour of The Blue Boy.

The Blue Boy is very close in the handicap to Statesman and Scarlet Tiger, but is, I understand, well fancied.

Exaggerated may win the Bendigo Plate at this meeting, and I couple him with Saint Reynard for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 10, to Wednesday, May 16.

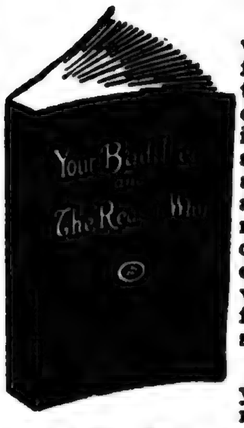
O A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F
S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

YD93MRKW would read UMIDWAR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 95KJ2QYO would read BACCHUS.

IF YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR LEGS GET THIS BOOK FREE.


Your Bad Legs and The Reason Why

3/6 Book Free.

The Book is written specially for those with leg troubles, and contains valuable information and sound advice and help. Those afflicted must not waste this opportunity of obtaining a copy, which is sent free of charge to sufferers.

The Book tells you of a famous method of Treatment which cures leg troubles quickly without rest, without pain, and without absence from work. You will learn how bad legs are made sound and well. **If you suffer from an ulcerated leg, Eczema, sores on the leg, painful legs, swollen leg or varicose veins, then you need this book, so send for it to-day.**

Your leg does not get well! You wish that it would! But things do not happen by wishing. You must write to the National College of Health (address below) for the book which has been written by specialists who have been engaged in the treatment of leg troubles for thirty years, and who have successfully treated and cured many thousands of sufferers. From this book you will learn all about a famous treatment; the most successful treatment known for leg complaints. By means of this treatment sufferers are having their legs made sound and well every day. Give your leg the proper treatment. Do not trifle with your leg trouble. Do not go on suffering needlessly or allow your leg to become incurable.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG.

Don't tinker with it any longer. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is your leg. A leg ulcer, however small, is a sign of Internal Blood Pressure. Under this pressure the veins have given way, and the ulcer has formed. This pressure will continue—the surrounding veins will keep on breaking down, and the ulcer becomes larger and larger. Get the treatment that will cure you! Have done with those daily leg dressings! Get your leg soundly healed by correct and proper treatment! Get rid for ever of the pain, inflammation and irritation, and have a sound leg same as you used to have. You must have Tremol Treatment some time! Why not get it now! It is the one way in which you can soundly heal that open wound, and make your leg stronger and your health better. Write for the Book mentioned below and you will know how. The Book is priced 3s. 6d., but it is free to you.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES—What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle, the itching, irritation, burning, and smarting, and the intolerable daily annoyance—Get rid of all this. Have done for ever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it. Write to-day.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM VARICOSE ECZEMA?

This complaint is first cousin to a varicose ulcer. It arises from the same cause. With proper treatment Varicose Leg Eczema is quickly cured. All the itching, irritation, smarting and pain soon goes away. You are cured to stay cured. I have seen hundreds cured by this treatment. Why not you? There is no reason why you should continue to suffer. Fill in the coupon below and get the Book. You can start the Treatment immediately which will take away every trace of your Eczema and make your leg thoroughly sound and healthy. The Book tells you of a new method of treatment for Varicose Eczema. This new treatment is scientific, but simple and easy. It is the Royal Road to get your Varicose Leg Eczema quickly cured.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS.

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcer, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls, and Hæmorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are:—

(1) Simple Dilation. (2) Loss of Elasticity. (3) Dilation in all directions. (4) Shrinkage and Atrophy of the Vein Valves. (5) Thrombosis with swelling, ulceration, or Varicose Eczema.

If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operations, for if they are cut out the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicosed, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because unfortunately the hopes based upon injection treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise, and the treatment involves risk of Thrombosis, Ulcerations and Eczema. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS.

What do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues and caused the swelling. You may think they look unsightly! That may be, but the end is worse than it looks, unless you get proper treatment. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point, and an open wound and Bad Leg result. Trifling remedies are useless. You must get those swollen legs properly treated before it is too late. Get at the root cause. The Book mentioned below tells you how to cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Sign the coupon below, and write for the Book and start your cure at once.

Write now for this valuable free Book if you suffer from Bad Legs, Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Eczema or Swollen and Painful Legs.

Write to-day before the Books are exhausted.

Sign the coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, **NATIONAL COLLEGE, WARD B.L., GT. CLOWES ST., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER,** and the Book will be sent by return of post.

FREE COUPON, Ward B.L.

ADDRESS:—NATIONAL COLLEGE, Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester. Please send valuable Book and all particulars of treatment free of charge.

Name ....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address ....

....

State Complaint..

National College of Health, Limited.

SPRATT'S CROONERISMS . . . . No. 5

"Did my heart beat, the moment that I looked at you?"

Biscuit-shy Bob has met his match! He never did love ordinary dog biscuits, but he's fallen for BONIO. Cunningly shaped like a bone, and containing a balanced blend of meat-fibrine, whole wheat meals and cod liver oil. BONIO biscuits are just what he needs to ensure "live-wire" alertness. If you have a biscuit-shy dog, win his heart with

SPRATT'S

The bone-shaped biscuit **BONIO**

BUY in 6d. and 1/- Cartons.

FREE 100-PAGE BOOK. Write for 'Guide to Dog Management,' which will help you to give your dog expert care and consideration. SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 58, Mark Lane, London, E.C.3.

£5,000 Won in X-Word Competition No. 256

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error were received from the following two competitors, who share the £5,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £2,500 will be sent:—

R. TALBOT, 232, Long Lane, Finchley, N.3.
J. THOMAS, 34, Foundry Lane, Southampton.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 22nd, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

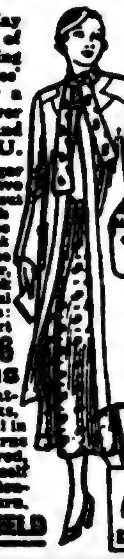
No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £1,000 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 57 competitors from whom we received solutions containing two errors and who will each receive £17 10s. 11d.

Annett, A. E., 37, Gilsland Rd., Thornton Heath; Austin, R. E., 13, Adelaide Rd., Chalk Farm, N.W.3; Ball, N., 5, Springfield Rd., Bangor, Co. Down; Bates, Mrs. F., 12, Victoria St., Nelson, Lancs; Boff, F. W., 28, Tufnell Park Rd., London, N.7; Bradbury, R., 201, Nuthall Rd., Nottingham; Brenner, L., 78, Leicester Rd., Salford; Chippindale, A., 24, Charles St., Bradford, Yorks; Cobb, H. H., 63, Victoria Rd., Maldon, Essex; Cowan, W. E. P., 4, Gloucester St., Bath; Crowther, E., Walverdene, Kirkham Rd., Freckleton, Nr. Preston; Davies, J., 140, Pantbach Rd., Whitchurch, Glam.; Davies, W. O., 70, Shakespeare Rd., Acton, W.3; Emmett, Mrs. F., Windyridge, Mount Hawke, Truro; Everitt, M. R., Koko, St. Edmunds Rd., Felixstowe; Fairbank, Mrs. M., Steel Lane Head, Barkisland, Halifax; Falconer, W. I., 16, Mayfield Ave., Southgate, N.14; Gillard, A., 6, Wellington St., Openshaw, Manchester; Harris, Mrs. F., 2, South Street, Corsham, Wilts; Hawkins, Mrs., 60, Burnham Rd., Chingford, E.4; Holme, Mrs. R., 2, Broadway, Tynemouth; Horsman, A., 239, Garratt Lane, London, S.W.18; Langdon, Mrs. N., 31, Maindy St., Cardiff; Lester-Jones, A., 22, Leamington Road Villas, Bayswater, W.11; Maddocks, A., 12, Edward St., Wrexham; March C. A., 16, Sutton Dene, Hounslow; Miles, C., 27, Greenhill Grove, Manor Park, E.12; Moore, Miss E. M., Lenacre, New Rd., Harrietsham, Kent; Morris, G., 48, Stanley St., Senghenydd, Cardiff; Newton, H. W., Forebridge Barracks, Stafford; Payne, M. M., Kenya, Preston Rd., Harrow; Pearce, A., 46, Lloyd Rd., London, E.17; Pearson, J., 30, Castle Dene, Prudhoe-on-Tyne; Pearson, R., 1a, Water St., St. Helens; Pegler, A. E., 62, Princes Rd., Tividale, Tipton; Pilgrim, J. H., Kenley, West Byfleet, Surrey; Pratt, Mrs. E. L., Ron-Phil, Balmoral Rd., South Harrow; Priston, S., Bacton, Stowmarket; Procter, Mrs. E., 37, Parolles Rd., London, N.19; Purchase, Mrs. R., Rose Dene, Burlington Drive, Beltinge, Herne Bay; Rogers, O., 79, Eaton Crescent, Swansea; Rogers, J., 72, Gipsy Lane, Erdington, B'ham; Royales, G., 25, Duke St., Chadderton, Oldham; Sandford, R., 28, Park Lee Rd., Blackburn; Sharratt, F., Wood St., Woburn Sands, Bletchley; Spencer, Mrs. A., 17, Kenworthy Ave., Ashton-u-Lyne; Sykes, C., 6, Dallam Rd., Shipley, Yorks; Tarrant, O., The Manse, Windsor; Taylor, C., 66, Brunswick St., Manchester, 8; Taylor, D. H. L., Lanzulyan, Old Sneed Avenue, Stoke Bishop, Bristol; Thompson, Mrs. C., 109, Onslow Bldgs., High St., Marylebone, W.1; Walker, H., Dale View, Bradwell, Sheffield; Whetham, A., 10, Oxton St., Harpurhey, Manchester; Winter, F. J., The Hollies, Rollesby, Norfolk; Woodhead, J., 710, Walmersley Rd., Bury; Wright, D., 180, Ponteland Rd., Cowgate, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Youldon, A., 14, Sturges Rd., Wokingham.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 255.—Fifty-nine competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £1 13s. 11d. have been despatched.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £6 a Month and £600 cash, or a lump sum of £850 cash, appears on Page 44 together with prizes for runners-up. Try your skill now!

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Every Lady should write to-day for the GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

BURLINGTON. Fashionable Swagger Suit in fine Wool Oatmeal Weave Cloth. The lined Coat has smartly cut yoke shoulders, piped sleeves, patch pockets, & narrow fancy scarf tie to match skirt, which is gracefully cut & beautifully finished. Shades: The Coat is supplied in plain Heather, Beige or Grey, with Fancy dice-check trimmed Skirt and Scarf in a tasteful two-tone contrast effect. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Skirt Lengths: 30 to 36in. Price **32/6**

Terms: 4/- Monthly.

4/- Monthly

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Underwear, Coats, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with self measurement form and all particulars will be sent you per return.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

ANAEMIA and RHEUMATISM

Mrs. BROWN, 22 Rowland Place, Dewsbury Road, Leeds 11, writes:—

"I started taking Vitadatio when I suffered from Anaemia and Rheumatism, and before very long I felt a different person altogether, and was much stronger. I have praised Vitadatio to my friends, many of them have also given it a trial, and been well satisfied with the results. I thought it my duty to tell you of the wonderful results it had upon me. I can now do all my own work, and have a big house to follow."

Vitadatio

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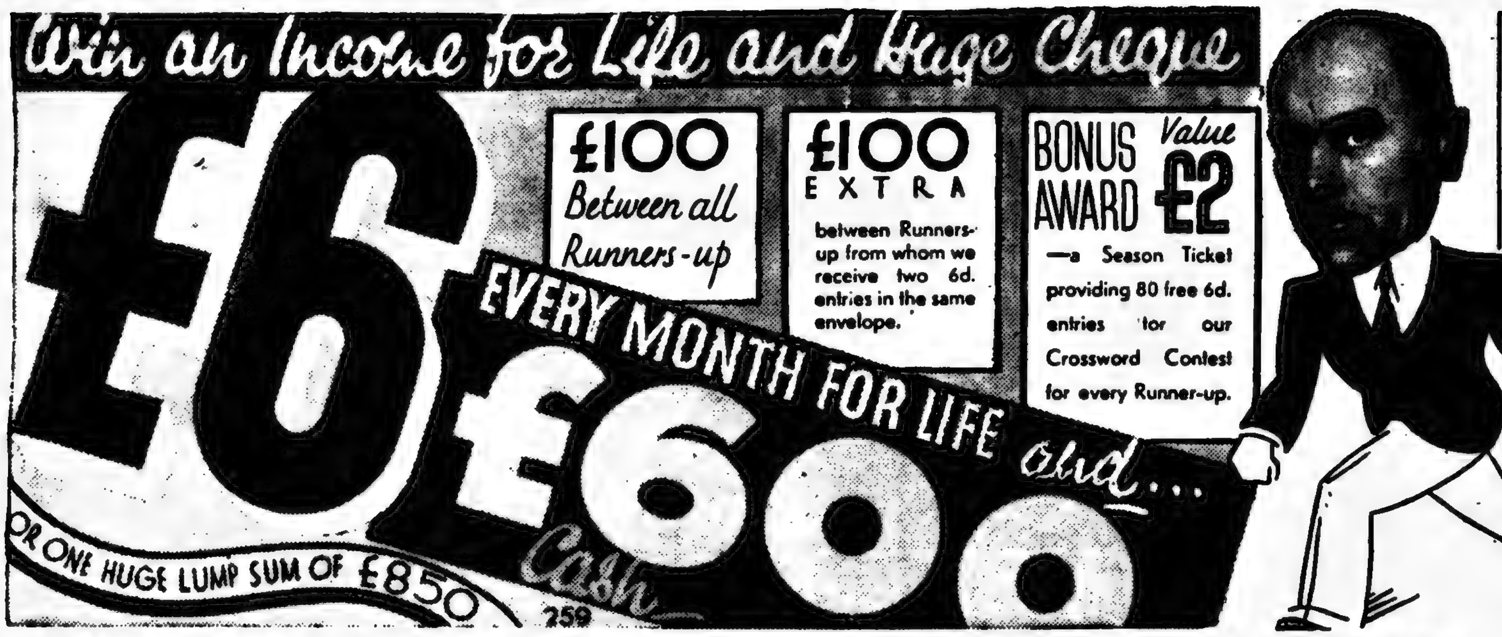

Win an Income for Life and Huge Cheque
£6
£100 Between all Runners-up
£100 EXTRA
between Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.
BONUS AWARD Value £2
—a Season Ticket providing 80 free 6d. entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up.
EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE and...
£600 Cash
OR ONE HUGE LUMP SUM OF £850
259

FOLLOW HIM *into the* PRIZE-LIST!

"When tackled in the right way, the 'John Bull' puzzles are the simplest of all—I did not even have the aid of a dictionary," says Mr. R. C. Francis 54, Hulse Avenue, New Barking, winner of £425 in our contest

SIXPENCE off the Income Tax means no great saving to the average man. But what a relief it would be to know that an extra £6 a month is to be added to your income for life! A cheque for the fine sum of £600 will accompany your Life Pension if you beat all-comers in solving that common-sense puzzle below.

A haphazard Solution will win you nothing. But if you argue out those Clues with care and patience, there may well be a "John Bull" telegram for you on Thursday, May 24.

For Runners-up in this Contest, remember, there is the fine sum of £200 for division as detailed above. And every Runner-up will also receive an extra Bonus value £2—a Crossword Season Ticket, providing for as many as 80 free entries for our Contest.

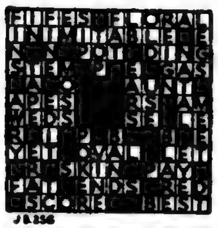
Sit down this evening for a friendly duel with our Compiler. He has set you several ingenious little teasers in this week's problem, but you can solve them all by careful study of his Clues. Be sure, however, that your entry is in the post to reach us by noon, Thursday, May 17.

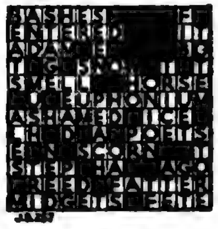
"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing Eighty Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 24th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 31st.

Solutions of "John Bull" X-Words Nos. 256 and 257.

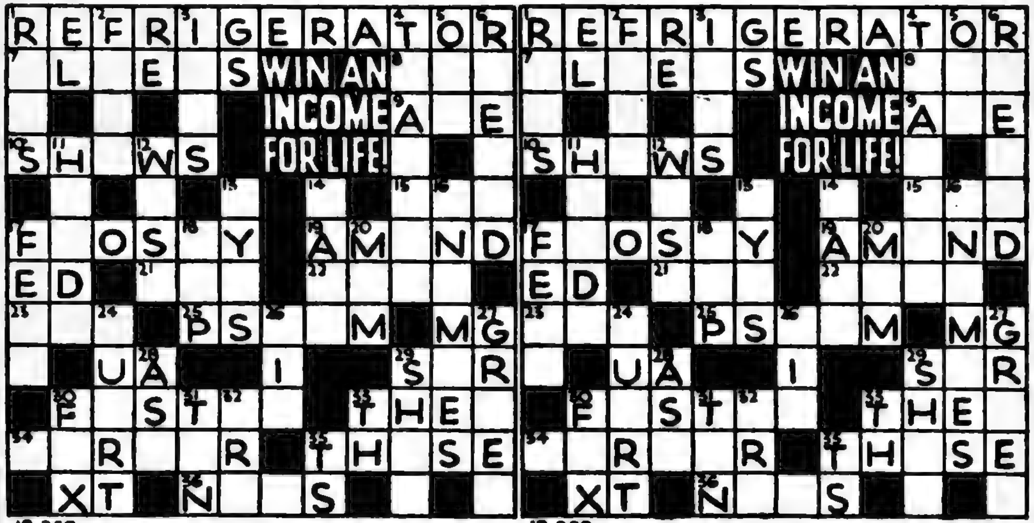
Winners in Crossword No. 256 appear on page 63. Winners in Crossword No. 257 will be published next week.

The solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 256 and 257 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.


JB 256


JB 257

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 259—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1934



JB 259 JB 259

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value...... No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED ....

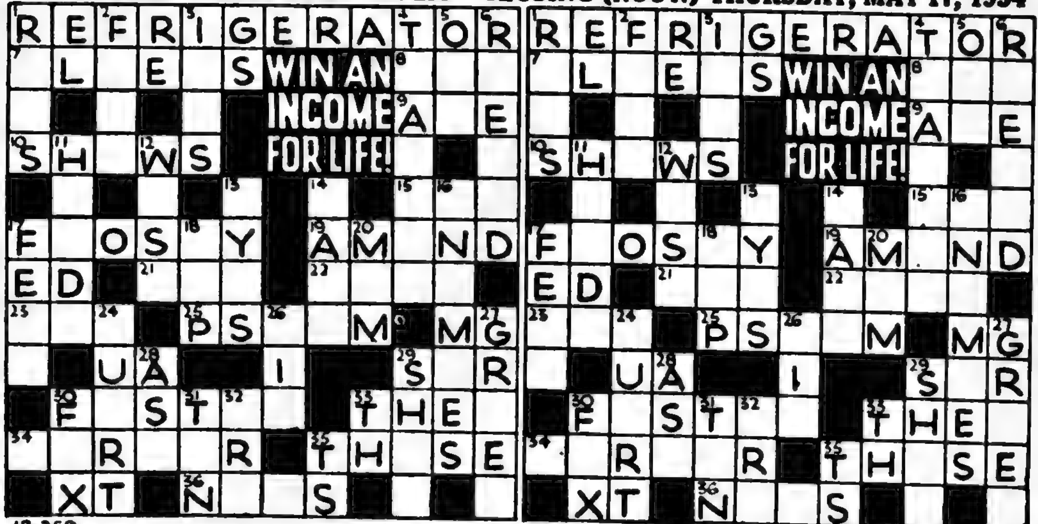
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 259—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1934



JB 259 JB 259

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value...... No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED..................................

ADDRESS ....

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 259, 57, Long Acre London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Keeps food in cold storage
7. Foreigners
8. Regret
9. Consumed
10. Points out
15. Sheltered side of ship
17. Describes very cold weather
19. Make a correction
21. Long-handled gardening implement
22. An enticement
23. Abbreviated form of Esquire
25. A sacred song
29. Term of respect
30. Quicker
33. Old-fashioned form of "you"
34. Is difficult to drive
35. Not "these"
36. They often let the punter down

DOWN

1. These provide material for mill
2. Playing on this is an expert's job
3. Some are a bit thick
4. Wouldn't get far without engine
5. Not in
6. How drunken motorist betrayed himself
11. They go down to the water
12. You shut your eyes when you do this
13. Various shades can be chosen for these
14. A flight of stairs may lead to one
16. Foes
17. You may be off yours through illness
18. Opposite of "bottom"
20. Young child calls mother this
24. Two pints
26. We breathe it
27. Seen in many people's eyes
28. Enquire
29. If low it may miss the mark
30. Is chased by hounds
31. Two fives
32. Years and years

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form, send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, May 17, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 31, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 12, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

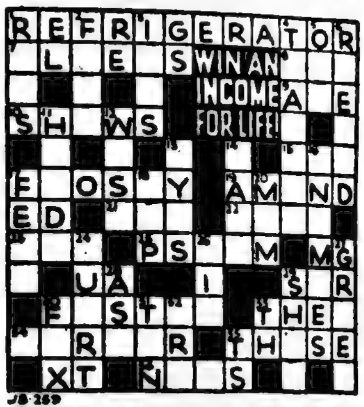
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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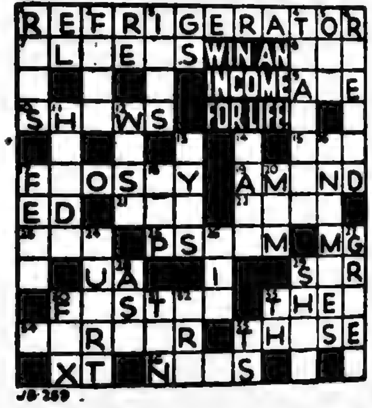
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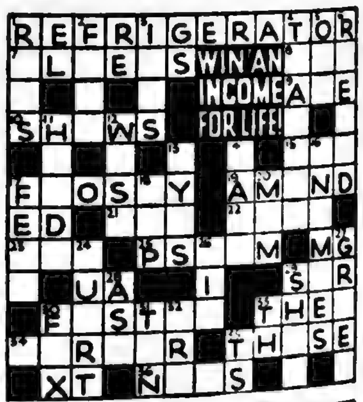
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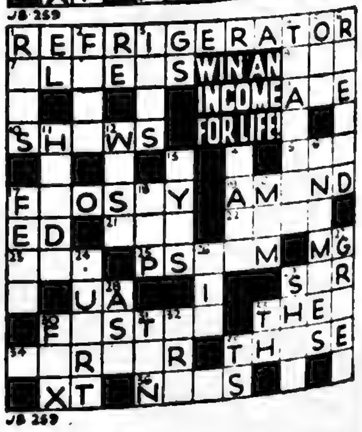
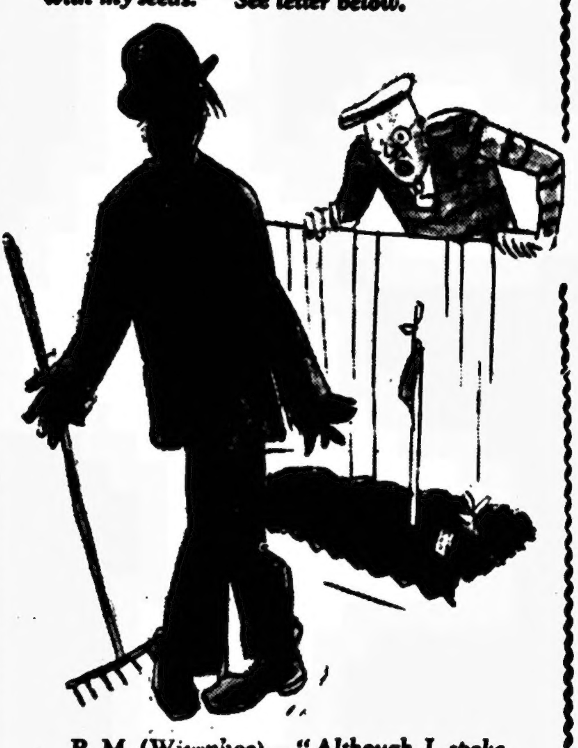

JB 259

FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

R. E. *(Wivenhoe).—"I had to dress up a scarecrow and put it in my garden because the birds had been playing havoc with my seeds." See letter below.*



P. M. (Wivenhoe).—"Although I spoke to my neighbour in his garden three times this morning, he never even condescended to turn his head."

ANTIQUE DEALER (Winchester).—"I'm a rare one for a bargain." You are true to type.

F. C. (Maidstone).—"What is the surest way of determining a bird's age?" Carve it.

E. F. (Grange).—"Everything grows smaller when contracted." What about debt?

GEORGE (Bacup).—"I always try to be earnest." Isn't your name rather a handicap?

BETTY (London, N.).—"I get frightfully excited when I pick the winner in a race." Spotted fever?

O. M. (Wem).—"I've saved enough to live at the rate of a thousand a year." For how long?

K. G. (Norwich).—"What is there to keep a man by his fireside at night?" A touch of 'flu.

MARTHA (Clapham).—"My husband isn't what you'd call a bookworm." Just an ordinary one?

J. J. B. (Kensington).—"How can I make my back-garden a dream-garden?" Sling up a hammock.

BETTY (Dundee).—"My dog has a strange fear of trees." Perhaps it's their bark that frightens him.

G. N. (Torquay).—"I have invented a salt-cellar which cannot be knocked over." Good luck to you!

CURIOUS (Berwick).—"What was the name given to the dress-fastening devices of the 'eighties?" Husband.

E. A. (Rochdale).—"What do you do with your socks when you wear them out?" Wear them home again.

DOCTOR (Harley Street).—"Falling asleep while reading a novel is often caused by the sameness of the print." Or the ditto of the plot.

DETECTIVE (Scotland Yard).—"When he hears the alarm, the efficient burglar steals silently away." He does that before he hears the alarm.

CRITIC (E.C.).—"Some ultra-modern novelists I have met dope themselves stupid." With lots of them, however, it isn't usually necessary.

JIM (Kilmarnock).—"I always try to put myself in the other fellow's place. People like me for it." They won't if you try it on in a football queue.

DENTIST (London, W.).—"If a person is to have all his teeth extracted one thing is necessary. . . ." That he have all his teeth.

ALGY (Hertford).—"I wish I hadn't been named after my father." You could not very well have been named before him.

D. G. (Highgate).—"It seems to me that in America the traffic cop is no better than the bandit." They both hold up cars for a living.

B. S. (Doncaster).—"Is the stork famous for any other reason than bringing babies to earth?" Yes, it is also noted for its long bill.

MRS. H. D. (Winchester).—"For years I have kept something handy to remind me of my wedding day." Your husband, we trust.

H. H. H. (Bedford Park).—"What really is a home?" It is a little-used building that usually stands on the same plot as the family garage.

M. K. (Burgess Hill).—"I ride a lot and am very much attached to horses." That is really the only successful way to ride horses.

R. D. M. (Norwood).—"A scientist who recently predicted that the world would end in another million years now says that it will continue 500,000 years longer." Well, that's a load off our minds.

K. T. (Tenterden).—"It is an old custom among gypsies to pour spring water into the ears of children who suffer from earache." We imagine that few normal young gypsy boys ever complain of earache.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"I am going on a sea voyage and I am not going to allow a single person to wait on me." You are going to make up your own bunk as usual.

G. M. (Shenley).—"A goat rushed on to a football field and butted the referee." Rival clubs with an eye to increased gate receipts are quite at liberty to arrange similar attractions, as there is nothing copyright in the idea.

DENTIST (Lewisham).—"Shipping has always fascinated me." Especially tugs?

J. K. (Manchester).—"Our little Sally swallowed a marble." Alley in our Sally.

SHOEMAKER (Croydon).—"In spite of many tempting offers of other jobs I still prefer my own." True to the last.

M. G. (Normanton).—"There are no short cuts to success." Aren't there? Our barber owns two cars and a country house.

H. N. (Radlett).—"You'll agree that dogs should be kept under restraint in the streets?" That's a leading question.

D. S. (Bude).—"The modern sports girl makes a strong appeal to me." Do you umpire at her cricket matches?

GALLERY-FIRST-NIGHTER (Tottenham).—"What do they call those men who do quick turns in the road?" Taxi-drivers.

WILLIE (Lancaster).—"Chopping wood always gives me a headache." A splitting one?

FLIGHT (Hounslow).—"A lady of just on eighty has flown to South Africa in ten days." Making up for a late start.

OFFICE-BOY (Tonbridge).—"My grandparents are fine old sports." Always ready to pass away on a Test match day?

W. H. T. (Wallsend-on-Tyne).—"The trouble nowadays is that people do not dress to suit their purses." Of course not—the police wouldn't let 'em.

G. B. (King's Cross).—"What are tobacco trusts?" Smoke rings.

JACK (Bolton).—"I went to sleep at the greyhound races." You were dog tired?

LODGER (Banbury).—"The public park is my garden." Though we venture to assert that you never weed it.

R. N. (Colne).—"I can always tell my weight to a pound." You're lucky to always have one to tell it to.

T. B. (Lewes).—"I can get joy out of a single letter." We always spell it with three.

R. T. (Streatham).—"Our ice rink is always packed." Not enough seating accommodation?

FATHER OF SIX (Edmonton).—"My hand is always in my pocket." So you can't complain of an empty pocket.

T. N. (Bude).—"I had to stop making the rockery I started last month." Did your wife give up cooking?

A. B. (Dover).—"I don't know what I am going to give my wife for her birthday." But we expect she does.

MRS. D. (Everton).—"I have lost nearly a stone since I took up golf seven months ago." We shall be interested to hear when your weight has been reduced to scratch.

ANGLER (Henley).—"I know a professional boxer who catches some really wonderful fish." No doubt he lands them with the right hook.

D. T. P. (Brighton).—"How can a man tell which fence by the side of the garden is his?" It's usually the one which requires most mending.

T. N. (Goole).—"I would join the nudists to-morrow if it were not for three little things." Mosquitoes, gnats and wasps?

VOYAGER (London, W.).—"I was most annoyed when I reached the docks to find I had left my passport behind." Then you got left behind, we suppose?

CLUTCH (Peterborough).—"My neighbour's new car can touch eighty, while mine can only do sixty." Does he give you the go by?

M. P. S. (Derby).—"I know a young tram conductor who has the makings of a first-rate boxer." He should know all about punch, anyway.

EFFIE (Maidstone).—"What is worse than sitting on an anthill and knowing nothing about it?" Sitting on an anthill and knowing all about it.

A. B. K. (Luton).—"I was surprised at a recent football match to find that the refreshment-stall sold no bottled stuff." Probably the stall was run by the referee.

P. M. S. (Grimsby).—"Where is there a man who can thrill with a few words, as could Edgar Wallace?" In our office—and soon he will be writing the telegram to the winner of that Record One-week Pension Prize offered on page 47.

S. N. (Exeter).—"As I write, a tortoiseshell butterfly is gaily flapping its wings across my garden." Well, it has to do that or walk.

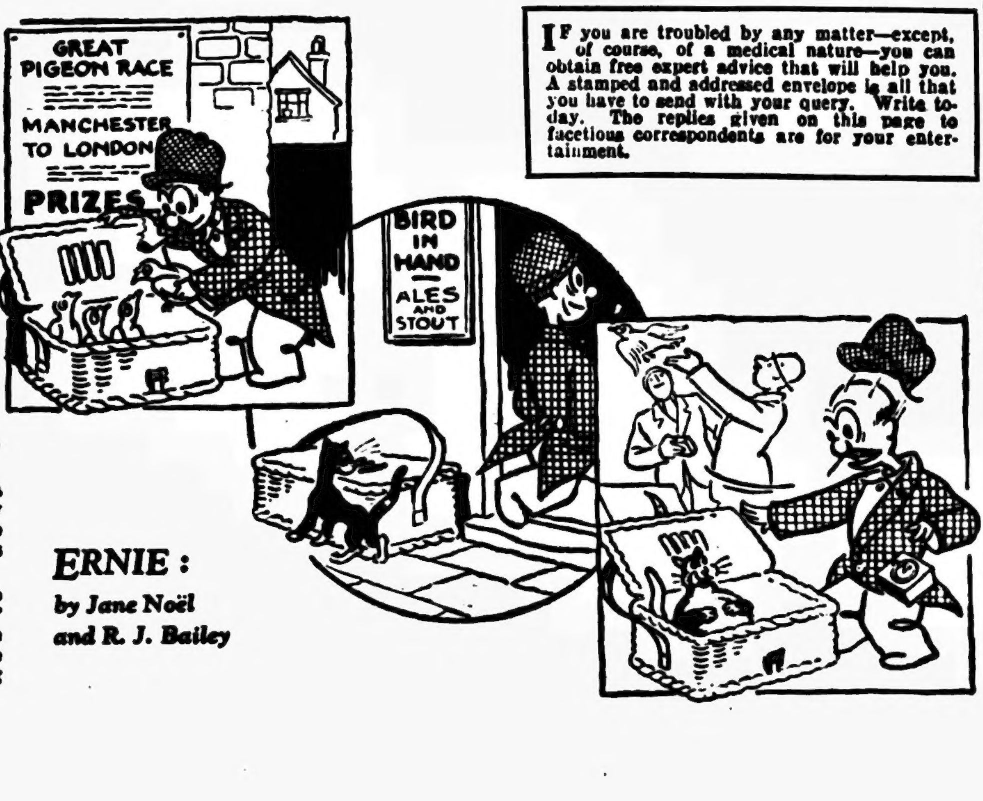
FATHER OF SIX (Paddington).—"I've decided to try my hand at mending the kiddies' boots." Perhaps you'll try their feet as well.

T. M. D. (Gainsboro').—"Boxing is forbidden in Switzerland because it is too rough." There are plenty of opportunities for their athletes to rise to great heights without it.

CRICKETER (Oxford).—"The spectators who watch the Test matches this year should forget all about the fuss over bodyline bowling of last year." They were never struck by it.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write today. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



ERNIE:
by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

STOP WASTING Your Life

IS Weakness or Ill-Health robbing and wasting your life? Change your course away from the "Scrap-Heap" towards which the Weakly, Ailing and Failing are headed. Don't put your trust and hope in drugs. No matter the cause, or how long you have been losing your life's most precious possessions of Health and Strength, you can rebuild A NEW BODY by the very same method that made Lionel Strongfort the world's finest living example of Bodily Health and Strength.

STRONGFORTISM
RESTORES MEN TO VIGOROUS HEALTH

From the very first day you take up STRONGFORTISM you can FEEL and SEE its remarkable MAN-MAKING benefits. It banishes Weakness and Under-Development. It quickly conquers such ailments as "Nerves," Indigestion, Constipation, Catarrh, Lack of Energy and Depression, by re-invigorating the circulation, enriching the blood and strengthening every organ and part of the body. See and judge for yourself in the

STRONGFORT

FREE 64-PAGE BOOK

By LIONEL STRONGFORT, and entitled, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." WRITE FOR YOUR FREE COPY TO-DAY. Enclose 3d. stamps for postage, etc. Get and read it. It will give you an entirely new and brighter outlook on the life of Vigorous Health and Strength. It will tell you how Strongfortism can make you a vigorous specimen of vital manhood. It will show you how you can build up Health, Strength, and Vitality. Address:

LIONEL STRONGFORT INSTITUTE
(Dept. 345), LONDON, S.W.16

Lionel Strongfort Institute, Dept. 345, London, S.W.16.
Please send, without obligation, my free copy of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength, and Mental Energy." I enclose 3d. stamps for postage. I have put (X) before subject(s) about which I would like Free Confidential Advice.

......Energy & Strength ......Rheumatism
......Catarrh & Colds ......Constipation
......General Debility ......Nervousness
......Increased Height ......Indigestion
......Skin Disorders ......Short Wind
......Round Shoulders ......Thinness
......Mus. Development ......Despondency

Other Ailments ....
Name ....
Occupation .... Age ....
Street..........
Town ....
County..........

Help Kidneys

- If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting,
- Itching or Acidity, try the guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

An Amazing Healer for PILES

Thousands who suffered inconvenience and agony for years from piles have been completely cured by using 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment. This simple, cleanly treatment is the most successful alternative to an operation ever discovered. Within five minutes of applying 'Nemolin,' pain and irritation cease. In two or three days the swollen vessels are definitely reduced, and a cure is soon effected. A FREE trial of 'Nemolin' will convince you of its curative powers. FREE Send a postcard now to (Dept. S/67), International Chemical Company Ltd., Braydon Road, London, N.16, and you will receive a liberal supply of 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment gratis and post free.

'Nemolin'
Pile Ointment
The Pile Cure that SAVES THE KNIFE

WONDERFUL FURNISHING VALUES
✦ *Get a copy of the Drage illustrated folder—it's Free!*
A beautiful Folder with illustrations and detailed prices of DRAGE furniture, some examples of which appear on page 27, will gladly be sent post free to readers of "John Bull" who fill up the coupon in the announcement on page 27.

NO MORE ASTHMA

ACTUAL PROOF THAT THIS DREAD AFFLICTION CAN BE BANISHED!

INDIAN DOCTOR'S REMEDY BRINGS RELIEF & COMFORT

to thousands who have suffered for years from health-destroying Asthma.

This marvellous new remedy was discovered by a British Missionary, who gave it to his wife, a martyr to asthma. She was completely cured, and the doctor was thereupon persuaded to disclose the formula for the benefit of sufferers all the world over. Since its introduction into this country thousands have shared the relief of the missionary's wife.

EVERY LETTER UNSOLICITED

Read the letters, then judge for yourself. You can sense the gladness and relief this discovery has meant to men and women like YOU. Believing that at last they might be rid of their asthma, they sent a form similar to the one below, and after complete and lasting relief wrote to us their wholehearted praise. In fairness to yourself you should learn more about this great remedy. What we say and claim for it **cannot be as convincing as what ex-sufferers write.**

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

Take it now and end once for all that nerve-racking cough, those sleepless nights. Stop the strain on your heart and the risk of pneumonia. Fill in the coupon and post it to-day. With each trial supply will be sent a booklet giving some of the thousands of letters received from sufferers who, thanks to the Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Tablets, are now free from the scourge, and a further booklet which is a complete treatise on the malady.

FREE OFFER TO CATARRH SUFFERERS

People often suffer from catarrh without being aware of it, thinking it only a cold, and the insidious poison works its way into the system, often causing bronchitis or pneumonia. The DR. SINGHA (Brand) CATARRH CURE will banish this troublesome malady, however deeply rooted it has become.

You can test the remedy without charge by sending the coupon below for a trial supply.

READ ABOUT THESE MARVELLOUS RESULTS

RETURNED FROM DEATH'S DOOR

Mrs. H., Ashton-under-Lyne: "My husband can never forget your wonderful remedy. Just two bottles have made all the difference in him. I had been up with him night and day for months at a time, and have had him at death's door many times this last seven years. Your tablets are a Godsend."

NEW MAN IN 10 MINUTES

Mr. J., Llanelly: "I tried one tablet last night—they are wonderful." (A month later.) "I have slept nightly ever since I took the first tablet without coughing at all. Within ten minutes of taking it I was a new man."

NO ASTHMA FOR OVER 3 MONTHS

A. E. H., Stamford: "Since taking your tablets I have not had a single attack of Asthma for over three months. My health is greatly improved and I feel better than I have done for years."

A SUFFERER FOR MANY YEARS

G. T., Mirfield: "... my breathing has become normal and I feel quite well. I have been a sufferer for many years and have never had anything to do me good until I tried your remedy."

WHEEZING ENTIRELY TOPPED

G. D., Trowbridge: "I have not had an attack of asthma since taking your tablets, and the wheezing is entirely stopped. It is a pleasure to go to bed and have a good night's rest."

HARLEY STREET SPECIALIST writes:

"Your Asthma Tablets quickly cut short an attack. In chronic cases they do their work well. The Dyspnoea of Bronchitis is quickly allayed. They are not depressant, but the opposite, calming the nervous system. They help constipation and flatulence and are a great help generally. They should be widely prescribed."

PRESCRIBED TO THE NOBILITY BY ONE OF THE LEADING THROAT SPECIALISTS AND RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

THE NEW INFALLIBLE
DR. SINGHA ASTHMA CURE

SEND FOR FREE SUPPLY

To The DR. SINGHA COMPANY, LTD.
Dept. J.B.10, Caernarvon.

Please send me booklets and
1. Sample of Asthma Tablets (3d. enclosed for postage and packing).
2. Sample of Catarrh Cure (3d. enclosed for postage and packing).
(Cross out sample not required.)

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
AGE ....
How long suffered ....

BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE

ON THE PEAK OF SUCCESS!

Interview with Winner of "Bullets" £5,000.

THREE little slips of paper have suddenly changed the whole future of the High Wycombe family which smiles from the top of this page.

The first piece of paper was the coupon which Mr. H. E. Twitchen cut from JOHN BULL and entered for our 933rd Contest, bearing his wife's Christian name, "Mrs. Ivy."

The second was the telegram which we despatched to his home, announcing that the First Prize had been won by this simple but telling *Bullet* which he had made: PEAK OF SUCCESS—"HAPPY, MARY?"—"YES, JOHN!"

The third slip of paper was JOHN BULL'S £5,000 cheque, which was received by Mrs. Twitchen within 24 hours of the result's appearance in our columns.

* * *

Though Mr. and Mrs. Twitchen's troubles are now over, they have had a hard struggle to keep things going in their neat little home on the hill at 39, Underwood Road, High Wycombe.

Whilst the breadwinner worked away at his job as a chair-maker, thoughts of doctor's bills to pay and children's clothes to buy were never out of his mind. But his problems to-day concern only the wise disposal of the £5,000 cheque which his wife chose in preference to £12 a week for life.

"Only last week I was worrying about the kiddies needing new shoes," Mr. Twitchen told a JOHN BULL man who called with congratulations. "I am employed at piece-work rates by Messrs. Bonnet and Ford. For two years I was on short time and, though things are better now, I rarely make more than £2 15s. a week."

The actual construction of Mr. Twitchen's £5,000 *Bullet* was a matter of a few seconds, he said. But the idea behind it was one which had been developing in his mind for some hours.

"I made it immediately after supper one night," were his words. "I wrote the phrase straight down and did not alter it, as it seemed simple yet unusual."

In the opinion of JOHN BULL'S judges, it is fortunate that he made no changes in his effort, for in those few seconds he produced one of the finest *Bullets* of the simple, human kind which has yet been made.

Without one ill-chosen or wasted word, Mr. Twitchen gave us an appealing reminder that the happiness of man and wife is a greater thing than worldly success, a truth that is often forgotten by so many to-day.

Many of our biggest *Bullets* winners have been spurred on to victory by small cash successes, but Mr. Twitchen has never won more than "Target" prizes, the last of which arrived six months ago.

"My workmates have laughed at me for going on," he said with a chuckle, "and even my wife wondered if it was worth while."

Was it worth while? That £5,000 cheque is the answer. And half an hour on *Bullets* this week may bring independence for life to you as well!

HIS FREE HELP

Before making the *Bullet* with which he won £5,000 for his wife, Mr. H. E. Twitchen went slowly through all his old copies of *Bullets Bulletin*. "I found it particularly useful," he declared.

Get into winning vein by accepting the aid of this entertaining free guide to *Bullets* success. Your Reservation Coupon is on opposite page—post it off to-night for your weekly supply.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,300 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000—COMPETITION NO. 934.

Mrs. E. GAMBLES, 8, Dale Avenue, Cardiff.
Example:—MAN I ENVY
Bullet:—UNTIL LIFTED FROM LIMOUSINE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. D. JAMIESON, 2, Church Terrace, Stockport.
Example: Like An Elephant
Bullet: "Butterfly" Trampling On Heart.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. C. V. CLEATON, 20, Bath Street, Rugby.
Example: Hit Him Hard
Bullet: Sentence—Harder, Mother's "Oh!"

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

M. BERRIMAN, 42, Farfield Road, Almondbury, Huddersfield.
Hit Him Hard—Parrying Sonny's "Buzzer, Daddy!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

R. J. CRISP, Gressenhall, Dereham, Norfolk.
What Sonny's Saved—Dispute Over Our Savings!

Mrs. S. FINCH, 24, Claremont Park, Church End, N.
Rich Woman—Has Gems—I've Jim.

T. S. HART, 23, Willowdale Road, Rice Lane, Liverpool
Rich Woman—Only Motherhood's "Price" Frightens

Mrs. D. JONES, 67, Mount Pleasant Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
Believe It Or Not, But—"Parallel" Armaments *Will* Meet.

T. A. PRESTON, H.M. W/T Station, Admiralty, Whitehall S.W.
Pill For The Millionaire—"Cream Of Life" Indigestible

R. RUSH, 92, Bolton Road, Atherton, near Manchester.
Hit Him Hard—"Little Brick" In Bandage.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. SHELDON, 4, Devonshire Road, Millom, Cumberland.
Believe It Or Not, But—Two Dividing "Nothing," Something."

H. G. STUBBS, "Little Frenches," Bosley Farm Road, Christchurch.
When My Turn Comes—Fearing "Audience" Beyond "Curtain."

E. V. TAYLOR, c/o 73, Fitzwarren Street, Pendleton, Lancs.
When My Turn Comes—I'll "Mangle" Wet Blanket.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. COOK, 60, Fitzwilliam Street, Sheffield.
Outdoor Girl—Well Shod—Careful Grundy'

W. ELLIS, 75, Willingdon Road, Wood Green, N.
Hit Him Hard—World He Thought "Punch-ball."

Miss J. GRAY, 12, Beechwood, Sauchie, Alloa.
At The Sergeant's Wedding—"Blimey—She's *Kissing* Him!"

Mrs. L. GREGORY, 14, Anglia Grove, Bolton, Lancs.
Admiringly—Jerry-builder Leaned On—Walking-stick!

H. HOGG, "Loch Lomond," Park Road East, Wolverhampton
Pill For The Millionaire—Tied To A Diet.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. HOLLOWAY, 23, White City, Rainworth, Mansfield.
What Sonny's Saved—Deserves Medal From—Waterworks!

E. G. LYMBERY, 65, Red Post Hill, Herne Hill, London, S.E.
Lady Dentist—"Vamp"—Till Ready'
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. M. A. NORTON, 52, Portland Road, Gillingham, Kent.
What Sonny's Saved—Rabbit's Life—Through Neglect!

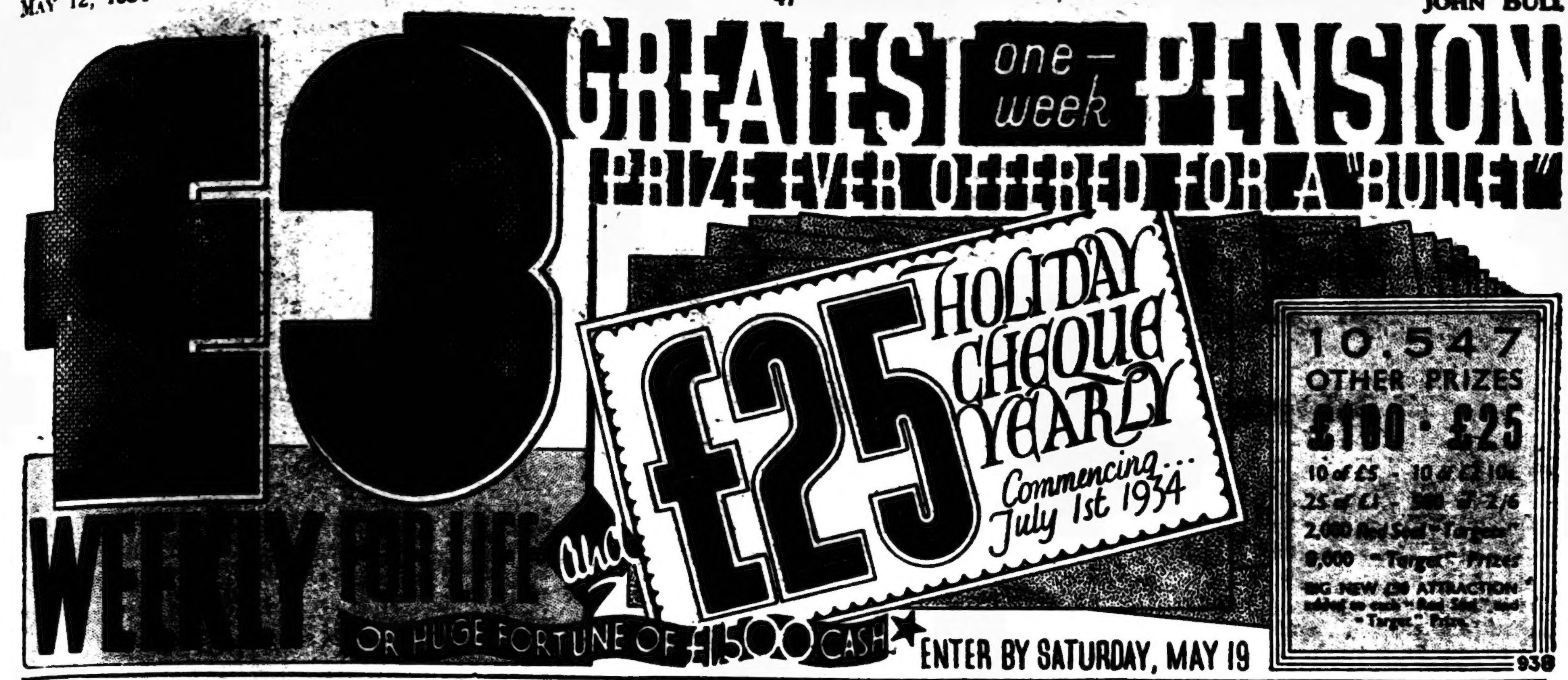
A. J. SNAPE, 49, Derwent Road, Stirchley, Birmingham
Nurse Britannia — "Nightingale" — Needs "Aladdin's Lamp."

E. TAMPLIN, 18 York Cottages, Tring Road, Wendover, Bucks.
Gradually—"Rough Weather" Uncovers "Bluff."

A list of 25 £1 and 100 7s. 6d. Book Token winners, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 20.


£3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
GREATEST one-week PENSION PRIZE EVER OFFERED FOR A "BULLET"
and
£25 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
Commencing July 1st 1934
OR HUGE FORTUNE OF £1500 CASH
ENTER BY SATURDAY, MAY 19
10,547 OTHER PRIZES
£100 · £25
10 of £5 - 10 of £2 10s.
25 of £1 - [illegible] of 2/6
2,000 Red Seal "Targets"
8,000 "Target" Prizes
BIG NEW £50 ATTRACTION added to each "Red Seal" and "Target" Prize.
938

One Week Only to Win this Record 2-in-1 Pension!

THAT 1934 will be a Record Year for *Bullets* prize-money is already assured—but to-day JOHN BULL launches another one-week "Biggest Ever." All Life Income prizes of past seven-day Contests are eclipsed by the astonishing 2-in-1 reward which you can win this week.

The First Prize telegram which will carry the good news to the winner will be despatched on Friday, June 1. If the messenger comes to your door, you will learn that you have won an astonishing 2-in-1 Life Pension prize of £3 every week as long as you live, with a £25 Holiday cheque each summer!

Scores of other cash prizes are also waiting to be won, as well as 10,000 Red Seal and "Target" awards, each with an added £50 attraction.

Study the simple instructions and then get busy on the *Examples* provided. Within an hour you can fill the coupons on this page with *Bullets*—and one of them may bring you independence for life.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

YOUR choice of subjects on which to make *Bullets* is practically unlimited, and the *Examples* themselves will suggest many topics to your mind. Do not forget, however, that a subject *not* suggested by the *Example* used is less likely to be dealt with by other competitors and may repay consideration.

Whatever the topic of your *Bullet*, its meaning must be compressed into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the *Example* chosen.

Suppose, *for instance*, you decided to work on the *Example*, ROBBING BRITANNIA. Your first rough comment might be *Politicians Are The Robbers.*

That rough thought, by a process of polishing its phrasing, you could easily develop into the completed *Bullet*, ROBBING BRITANNIA—SHUT THOSE POLITICIANS UP!

Before you make a start, study closely the winning *Bullets* which appear on the opposite page.

Then settle down for a quiet half-hour on *Bullets* this evening and see that your entry reaches this office by Saturday, May 19.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

ROBBING BRITANNIA
POOR COLLECTION
AT THE WHEEL
WE WANT PEACE, BUT
SNUBBED
FINE SPEECH
"ANY COMPLAINTS?"
WHAT THE HORSE SAID
ALMOST HUMAN
WITH YOUR HELP
READY FOR THE NEXT
MAN OF HER DREAMS
ON THE SILVER SCREEN
SHOWS HE'S A SPORT
PLAYING IN THE STREET
HURRY UP, OR
ALONE
TALE OF WOE
GRIM REMINDER
THE BRUTE
ONE FOR HER
YOUR M.P.
NOT BORN YESTERDAY
FAVOURITISM
AGAIN AND AGAIN
SPOT OF BOTHER
OUR MOWER
HER FUTURE
SOLID
FIRST PAST THE POST
UNFINISHED STORY
HAD ENOUGH
FATHER'S TAILOR
WAITING OUTSIDE
HE WAS SHY, SO
PANIC IN THE SHIP

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £[illegible]-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £[illegible] chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. [illegible] will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Rackstraw, Terriers, High Wycombe, Bucks.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. [illegible] usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(938) Closing SAT., May 19
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(938) Closing SAT., May 19
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(938) Closing SAT., May 19
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(938) Closing SAT., May 19
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(938) Closing SAT., May 19
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 938, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp)**

☞ BIG CASH-PLUS-MOTORING PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK ☜

First we sent for the FREE GIFTS

Marvellous Results of

'HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL'

MARY: "Yes, I was dreading the dance to-night because my hair was so poor . . . and I was afraid that bald patch you had would make people think I'd married an old man. But 'Harlene' has certainly settled those problems."

JACK: "And you, my dear, will be the most charming person there. 'Harlene' has made your hair glorious."

Millions of men and women have solved their Hair Problems by accepting our

FREE OFFER

of ANY 3 of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" preparations described here.

You, too, should accept it AT ONCE.

MARY: "Your Bald Patch has completely gone, dear, thanks to Harlene."

JACK: "Your hair, too, has improved out of all knowledge, again thanks to Harlene."

NOW Look at Our HAIR

If you are a MAN and you are going Bald send the coupon NOW! As your hair grows thickly and strong again you will look younger, more handsome, and more alert!

If you are a WOMAN and your hair is lustreless, lifeless, brittle, or falling out, post the coupon TO-DAY! As your hair again takes on that glorious sheen and lustre, as it gets softer and finer in texture, so will your charm, attractiveness, and beauty increase beyond measure.

Remember, the logical end of all hair troubles is BALDNESS. ACT AT ONCE!

Just choose which 3 "Harlene" preparations you would like from the following list and send the Coupon without delay.

(1) 'HARLENE'

HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

No man or woman need fear Hair Poverty while they use "Harlene." For "Harlene" is the true liquid FOOD for the Hair Roots—the Champagne-like reviver of every Hair Shaft. "Harlene-Hair-Drill" takes only two minutes a day, yet in that short time it performs wonders. Bald Patches become covered with a healthy growth. Thin, skimpy, dull hair grows daily in luxuriance and strength. Harsh, Brittle hair becomes marvellously fine in texture, soft to the touch, attractive and alluring to the eye. Those who use "Harlene" possess wonderful heads of hair which are admired by all! Take care of your children's hair. "Harlene" preserves, strengthens and invigorates it. 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/9 per bottle.

(2) 'CREMEX' SHAMPOO

Provides a wealth of super-cleansing, super-beneficial creamy lather, restoring the silken sheen and lustre so much desired. Complete with FREE Burnishing Rinse. 1/6 per Box of 7 Shampoos (single Sachets 3d. each).

(3) 'UZON' BRILLIANTINE

Should be used by all who wish to add that final polish and finish. Keeps the hair in position all day. In liquid or Solidified Form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

(4) 'HARLENE' Wave-Setting Lotion

Keeps waves in place for long periods and makes them entrancingly beautiful. Saves £££'s on Waving Bills. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

(5) 'HARLENE' Camomile Golden Hair Wash

A dainty preparation for the Blonde. Imparts a glorious "light-gold" sunshine touch to fair hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/–, and 5/– per bottle.

(6) 'ASTOL' Hair Colour Restorer

Restores colour to Grey, Discoloured, and Faded Hair—even if of many years' standing. A real colour-restorative, from chemists, 1/9, 3/– and 5/– per bottle.

(7) 'HARLENE' HAIR CREAM

A new hair dressing for men. Improves the appearance of the hair, keeps it well groomed and in position all day. Every man should try it at once, 7½d., 1/1½ and 2/– per bottle.

"HARLENE" GUARANTEE

If, within one month, you may be dissatisfied with any initial purchase, return the Profit Sharing Coupon, state the date of purchase and name of your Chemist or Store, when the price paid will be refunded. JB

SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon (postage 1½d.) and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a set of any three "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *State which numbers are required. Attach coupons to a plain sheet of paper bearing your name and address.*

EDWARDS HARLENE, LTD. (II 982).
20-26, *Lamb's Conduit Street, London,* W.C.1.

"Harlene" Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct on receipt of price, post free within the British Isles.

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